EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH SIDNEY ZION!!!!

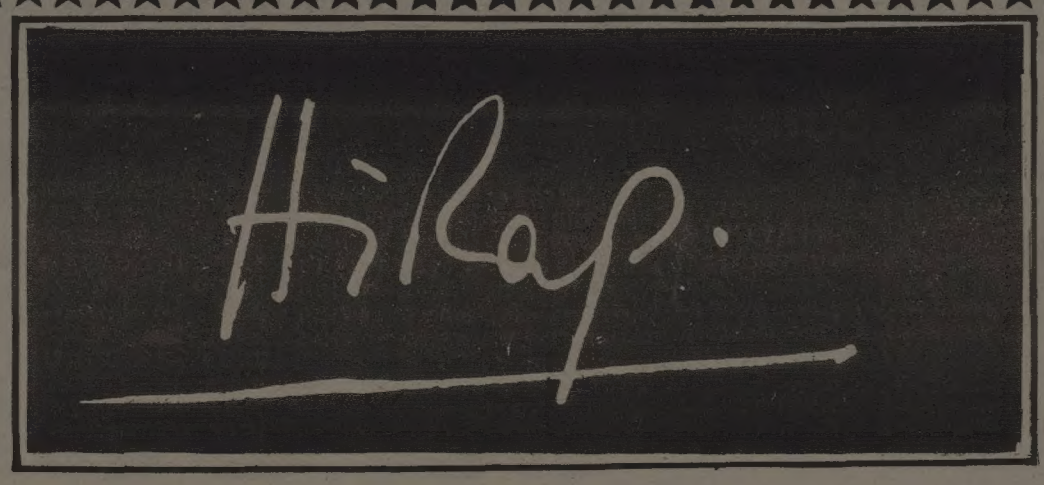
THE east village OTHER

25¢ IN NYC
35¢ OUT

june 30, 1970 - vol. 6 no. 31
1

WEATHER
HEAVY

THE MOST DESPISED MAN IN THE AMERICAN PRESS

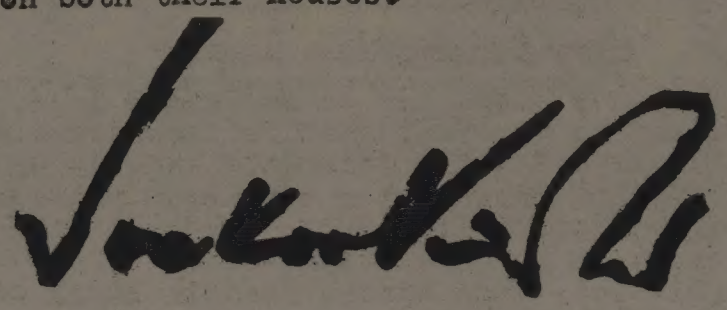


In spite of all their rhetoric and hysterics, the ESTABLISHMENT press has once more chosen to cop out from putting their money where their mouth is.

All their moralistic protestations about freedom of the press and the sacred privileges of the first ammendement notwithstanding, when it came right down to it they bowed to the government and piously accepted the devious tricks of the judiciary.

In all the weeks that passed since the publication of the first documents, none of them had the balls to live up to their self proclaimed mottos.Upon a truly free press it would have been incumbent to continue their publication. For the American Press it was just another circulation booster.

Which reminds me of Spire Agnew - a plague on both their houses.



Thanks to MS

next week: JOE COLOMBO

JAAKOV KOHN
STEPHEN KOHN
JACKIE FRIEDRICH
CHARLIE FRICK
YOSSARIAN
STEVE KRAUS
HONEST BOB SINGER
REX WEINER

RUDI STERN
HETTY
VINCENT TITUS
NELLIE FENAULD

ARTHUR
LINDA CRAWFORD
ALEX GROSS

JAYM E
ALLEN KATZMAN
RAY SCHULTZ
COCA CRYSTAL
D.A. LATIMER
TULI KUPFERBERG
A.J. WEBERMAN
PAULINEA KOUWENHOVN

LARRY S TODD
HEIDI
JOHN REILLY
THE BLADE
LIL PICARD
HARVEY MATUSOW
PERFECTO LA GOGO
KIM DEITCH

DORA KEARNEY
SPAIN
THE D.C. TWELVE THOUSAND
KANDI

Second Class post ge paid at New York, N.Y
East Village Other published weekly at
20 East 12th Street, New York, N.Y. 10003
Telephone: 255-2130-31-32

SID ZION WIPES OUT THE SCRIVENERS

story & photos: Mike Shapiro

Former New York Times reporter, Sidney Zion, has fashioned a loud, outrageous footnote to the Pentagon Papers. Listen to Zion, and his disclosure of Daniel Ellsberg as the New York Times' source for the documents becomes an act of pure journalism; listen to many working reporters - and their readers - and it's something else: the work of an ego-tripping fingerman, a judas with no respect for either history or human decency. So whaddya read?

While at the Times in the late Sixties, Zion specialized in legal stories. He is a Yale law school graduate, and for a time was a U.S. Attorney in New Jersey. He was co-founder of Scanlon's Monthly, a slick muckraker, that Zion insists, with apparently much justification, was shut down by the Government. Zion claims he got the bug to track down the Times' source while visiting the papers' city room two days after the documents were first published. This interview was done the next week....

EVO: When you were at the Times last Tueasday talking to Managing Editor Abe Rosenthal, you decided that the Times' source was a story, and that he dad it and you wanted it. How long did it take you to get the story? Did you get it through contacts at the Times?

ZION: The only thing I will say about my sources is that they did not come from The Times. Nobody at the Times Know about it. That's what outragedI was walking aroud there saying "you mean you guys don't know? Look at Abe, he looks so smug. He Knows. How could you let him know and you don't "and they thought it was crazi, they would never think they'd have to know. Because they think "he's the managing editor-he should know". But I never give that position any credit. I justo thoutght it was ridiculous. I would have to know that name, that's all.. People on the outside, out of this business, may not understand why you have tu know but then that's what this business is about. That's the idea of having a newspaperman blooding it. You need to know the things that have to be known. And it's important historically -it wasnt what they say quoting me out of context that it was simply an ego trip. No, it's important. You hadda know who did this. First of all people were saying it was Clark Clifford, then they say George Ball, cause George Balle turned out good in one of the articles. Then they say Nick Katzenbach, for other crazi reasons. So it's clearly an important part of the story who did it who gave it to them and that's why everybody was trying to get it. It was important for history's sake.

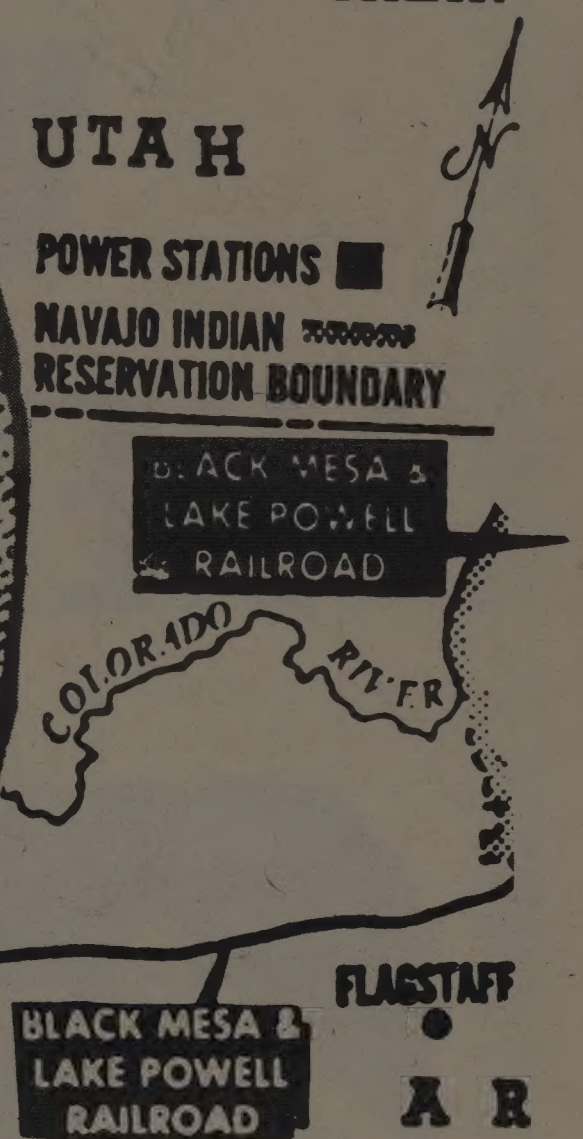
EVO: You might have done Ellsberg a favor.....

ZION: Sure. I laid out a framework for Ellsberg where he was a here in the country. I think they were probably going to bust him and people would have known about it sooner or later but it would have come out in a dreadful kind of a way. Now, like for example, somebody called me up last week and said "how could you do this to this great man?" I said "what do you mean" So the girl said, "Well, I mean he's a man who wanted to make witneww for the country. He did this for the countyry, almost as an acto of atonement. He's a great man". I said, "how do you know that. Do you know him?" She said, "no, I read it in the papers". I said, "How the hell do you think you read it in the papers?" So, I'm getting blameed for making the guy good because now they say I fingered him. It's a total loke. You know, what's happened to this country is hysterical. When I began in journalism in the early sixties if you suppresed a story you didn't sleep at night. Now they're telling me I should lose sleep because I didnt suppress it. It's got nothing to do with anything but ideology. It's the old crap-they liked this guy and what he did so therefore youre not supposed to do anything that might conceivably harm him. And as I said and I'm going to keep saying and people have to understand this cause it's so important if I was exposing a guy who was leaking State secret, to the Chicago Tribune, secrets that maybe

(Continued on Page 15)

BAD DAY AT BLACK

THE NAVAJOS TELL OF OF THEIR



The Southwest Indian Environmental Conference, called by the All Indian Pueblo Council was held the weekend of May 21st at the Albequerque Indian School in Albuquerque, New Mexico. It was motivated by the effects of the giant strip mining-power plant industry that's poisoning the entire southwest.

The conference was opned by Benny Atencio, chairman of the All-Indian Pueblo Council. He said the council has taken no position on tue Black Mesa project, but that it was calling the conference for the purpose of disseminating information to all tribes so they could make their decisions about the project.

Right now there are two powerful mines operating in Navaho and Hopi country: One ad Black Mesa, Arizona and another, called Navajo Mine, at Four Corners, New Mexico. Peabody Coal Company, a subsidiary of Kennecott Copper and notorious for its devasting exploits in Appalachia and other places in the east, is stripping out the coal and deep-well drilling out the water at these sites.

There are two power plants, Four Corners Plant (operaring since 1964) and the Navajo Mine located between Fruitland and Farmington, New Mexico. Four Corners Plant receives Navajo Mine's coal and burns it there to create electrical power.

A second plant, near Bullhead City, Nevada, called the Mohave plant, in operation since November, is receiving the coal from Black Mesa mine through a 275 mile long pipeline. This is an unusual method, but it's very economical for them. They mix the coal whith equal parts of water (this is called slurry) and then pump it through the pipeline. It takes 2000 ghallons of water a minute. That water is what's being deep-drilled out of Black Mesa by Peabobody Coal.

A third plant is being built, also called Navajo, at Page, Arizona, somewhat north and west of Black Mesa, on the shores of Lake Powell. It will get its coal by 73 miles of railroad now under construction. The fourth plant, Kaiparowits, also on Lake Powell on the Utah side' the fight, San Juan, north of Four Corners, and the sixth, Huntington Canyon, Utah are scheduled to be oper ating before 1977.

Smaller coal-fired plants in Colora-are already in operations. Other plants are projected in operations. Other plants are projected for Rock Springs, Wyo.; Craig, Colo.; and possibly an additional 3 new unites at Four Corners.

The power generated by these plantsd will provide electricity for California, mainly for Los Angeles and San Diego, and for Las Vegas. Phoenix and Tucson. None of it will be used in the area it's being taken from. In 1964, a 23 companyu consortium, Western Energy Supply and Transmission Assoc. (WEST) made plans for these six major plants primarily to serve Southern California chedaply. There are now these 8 smaller plants either operative, under construction or planned, representing a 36 billion kilowatt increase of electricy scheduled for the next 16 years.

some of the Utilities companies and other participats are the Salt Rivwr Project, the Navajo Power Project, the Los Angeles Dept. of Water and Power, Arizona Public Service Co., Nevada Power Co., Tucson Gas and Electrtic Co. the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation, the U. S. Dept. of the Interior and the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

What follows is a deposition by an 83 years old Navajo woman in which she says why she opposes the project, plus Good Times interviews with two Navajos.

KEE SHELTON'S MOTHER

In English call me "Kee Shelton's Mother". In Navajo my name is Asa Bazhonoodah, "whoman who had squaw dance". I am 83 years old.

I am originally from Black Mesa. I was born and raised there. My parents and grandparents were all from that same area.

At present I live east and not far from the mining site. I was born in a hogan which was still standing the last time I saw it. But now I don't know, maybe they have torn it down.

Thel tell me my parents used to live right down at te mining site at the time my mother was pregnant with me. Then when she was going birth to me they moved eastward to the place where I was boren. This is not too far from the place they grind the coal. There is where i was raised and after I got married my husband and I lived at the same place. During that time, my husband cleared land and built a fence for the cornfield near shere we lived. We used to move to the cornfield to plant ad harvest the corn.

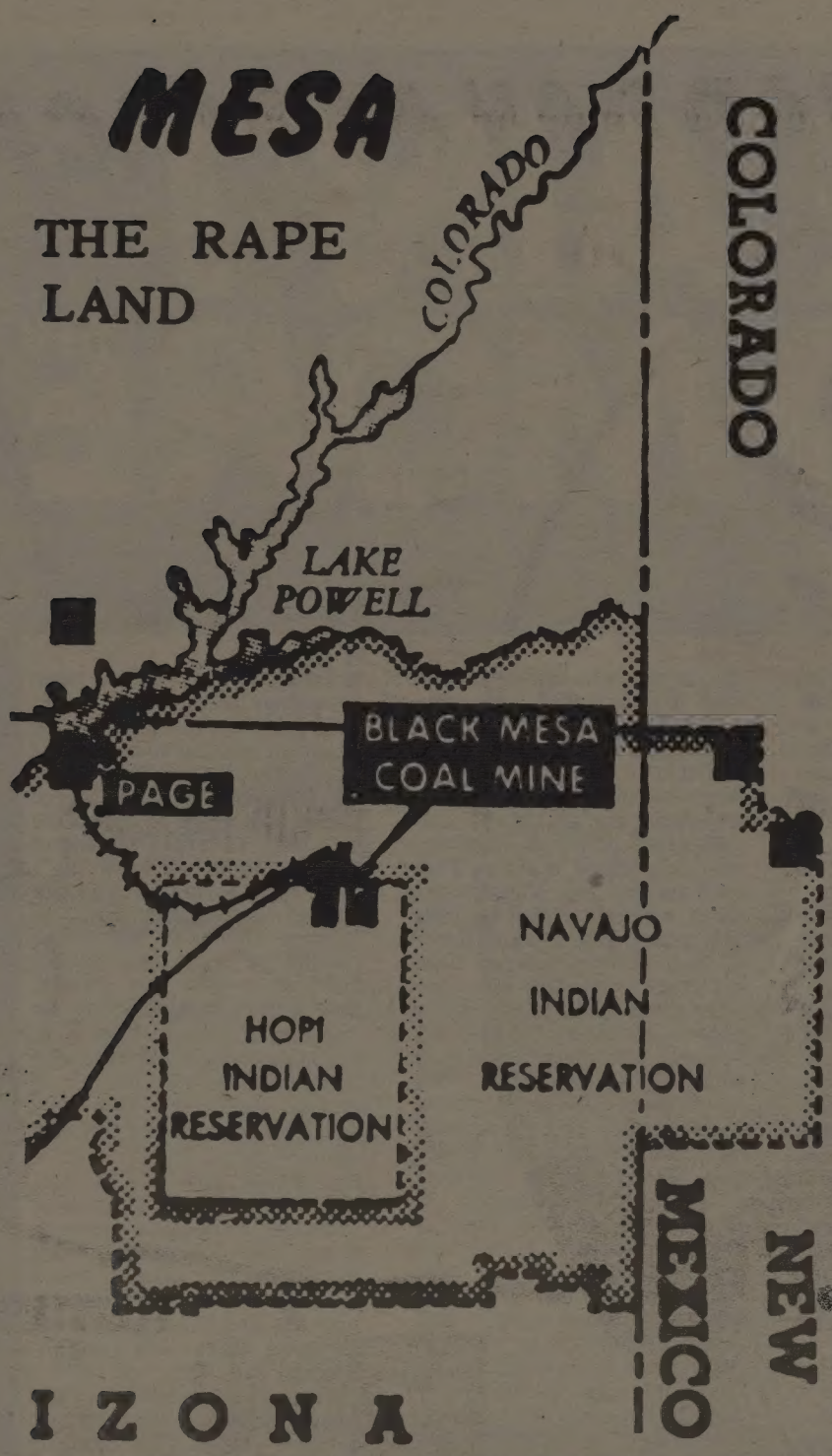
I strongly object to the strip mining for many reasons. The mine workers do a lot of drinking and they take youngsters with them and give them liquor and wine. These are the children of my husband's grandchildren with whom we used to live.

The particles of coal dust that contaminate the water kill our animals. I know this for a fact because many of the sheep belonging to my children were killed. I have some cows and they started dying off. And now it has become too frequent, almost every day. We were asked to report every dead sheep or animal, but it is impossible to do that because of the lack of communication. We don't have a trading post of a police station of Black Mesa where we could report these happenings.

Because of this, we think the effects of te mining are dangerous to the animals and to ourselves.

We do not like the explosions at the mine because it scares our hoy ses. Many of us herd sheep on hoyseback, and every time an explosion goes off it scares the animals and they are afraid and try to run away.

We, the residents of Black Mesa, were never consulted or told about the areato be mined, otherwise we could have opposed it. The land or area being stripmined now was given away by peoplethat don't even live within the area. In fact, this Lee Bradley from Kayenta persuaded three men by promising them jobs.



One of the men is deceased and the other two are still living. It was these three who were primarily responsible for bringing in the mining on Black Mesa. The resto of the people were not consulted one of the three that made the original agreement is not from the inmediate coal mine area. Two of the same group were not too far from the mining area. One of tthe men sas my very husband's brother.

A long time ago the earth was placed here for us, the people, the Navajo, it gives us corn and we consider her our mother.

When Mother Earth needs rain we give pollen and use the prayers that was fgiving us when we came from the earth. That brings rain. Black Mesa area is used to ask for rain. And afterward (after the mining) we don't know what it will be like. We make prayers for all blessings for Motherr Earth, asking that we may y use her legs, her body and her spiritt to make ouserselves more powerful and durable. After this, the pollenis thrown into the water.

Air is one of the Holy Elements. It is important in prayer. Wooded areas are being cvut down. Now the air is becoming bad; not working. The herbs that are takjen from Mother Earth and given to a woman during childbvirth no longer grow in the cut area. The land looks burned.

The Earth is our mother. The white man is ruining our mother. I dont't know the white man's ways, but to us the Mesa, the air, the water, are Holy Elements. We preay no these Holy Elements in order four our people to flourish and perpetuate the well-being of each generation.

Even when we were small, our cradle is made from the things given to us from Mother Earth. We use these elements all of our lives and when we die we go back to Mother Earth.

When we were first out on Earth, the herbs and medicine wee also put here for us to use. These have become part of our prayers to Motheer Eart. We should realize it for if we forget these things we will vanish as the people. That is why I don't like the coal mine.

How much would ask for if your Mother had been harmed? There is no way that we can be repaid for the damages to our Mother. No amouunt of money can repay, money cannot give birth to anything.

Black Mesa is to the Navajo like money is to the Whites. Our Mother gives birth to the animnals, plants, and these could be traded for money. Black Mesa is my billfold. Black Mesa gives life to animals and these animals give us money.

The staff that I proud my donkey with is like the poncil the whites use.

This pollution is what I'm especially against. When I first realized I had eyes, I saw that it was clear. Now it is getting hazy and gray outside. The coal mineis causing it. Because of the bad air, animals are now well, they don't feel well. They know what is happening and they are dying. Animals are worrying, that is why they are dying.

How can we give something of value to Mother Earth to repay the damages that the mining had done to her. We srill ASK FOR HER BLESSINGS AND HEALING, EVEN WHEN SHE IS HURT.

They are taking water and other Holy Elements from her veins.

I don't want highways built because stock will be runned over and the children might get hurt.

I se the cedar trees next to the ponds they built have turned red. The grasses are dying.

I want to see them stop taking water from inside the Mesa. The water underground works with the water that fallsto the surface of Mother Earth, will wash away.

I want to se the burial grounds left alone. All of my relatives graves are being disturbed.

INTERVIEW WITH MITCHELL FOWLER, FROM ST. MICHAEL, NAVAJO NATION.

GT: THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF TALK ABOUT CONFUSION AMONG THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES ABOUT WHAT THE TRIBAL COUNCIL MEANS TO YOUR PEOPLE

M: Yeah. I think Ben Barney pointed out very well the dissention among the people themselves, and between them and the tribal council. Because traditionally the tribal council was something enacted in 1934 with the Dawes Act wwith the Indian Reorganization Act it said the B. I. A. would set up a tribal council. Well, at that time they were hand picked Indians.

GT: WAS THE B. I. A. MOSTLY ANGLOSAXON?

M: Well yeah, 90 for cent. So there are very few Indians in a decision making position. And the tribal councils were formed, and of course the Indians that were picked, theNavajos, didn't really represent the people. Snf the Navajos have always taken at attitude "well, let t them go ahead and do what they want to and we'll live our own like we always have.

Well, that was okay for even the 30's, but but with the increase in technology since WW II, the dominand white culture has really been pushing on our reservation because of the many natural resources that we have. Every day that goes by it comes closer and closer and the pelple. Like Black Mesa-Navajos wwoke up one morning and found caterpillars coming up the side of the Mesa digging up the place, and without ever realizing what was going on. To them it was an invasion and that's the way they look at it now. There is dissension and what we hope to do is use Black Mesa as a focal point to start to start to the tribal councils. We could completely disassemble them and set up more traditional government. But I think that would be more difficult that to get the people to work with the tribal council and use them in a traditional manner.

GT: WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT SOME OF THE THINGS THAT ARE BEING DONE FOR INSTANCE LIKE THE LAW SUIT AGAINST PEABODY AND THE DEPT. OF THE INTERIOR?

M: I think that aside from the publicity it will have practically no effect because iPeabody's gone through this type of situation many times in Appalachia and the anglos there found it so frustrtating because no decision was ever reached. It was just tied up in the courts. So they got dynamite and blew up machinery, million dollar steamshovels, fifty thousand dollar bulldozers. And they used armor piercingf bullets to sshot at the workers at night. So law suits don't work.

GT: WAIT A MINUTE. WHO BLEW UP THE MACHINERY?

M: Appalachia people blew up Blue Diamond Coal Coi's machinery and the workers got shot at because they were trying to stop these coal companies. And it worked -for some time-but there's so much money involved, so much force involved, that they couldn't stop them. Not only were the coal companies interests involved but the railroad companies too because they derive about 1.2 billion dollars business every year from the coal companies for hauling the coal all across the US. That law suit is really ineffective. And like I hit upon the two agencies, NAPAC and FPC.

GT: WHAT'S THAT?

M: National Air Pollution Control Association, something like that, and the FPC Federal Power Comission,m two agencies that are supposed to be responsible for implementing standards of air pollution and control, but in fact, what the Nader research showed is tjh thatt they don't protect the people from pollution, they aid the polluting companies by issuing licenses. They okay the licenses sometimes when no provision has been made for controls, so I don't think the agencies will be able to do anything for us.

GT: IT SOUNDS LIKE THE PEOPLE FEEL THEMSELVES TO BE A NATION HERE AND THEY'RE NOT GOING TO ALLOW COLONIZATION. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

M: I think there's two reasons for that. One is that Navajo people are very trusting and very honorable and they trust someone until they find out they are trying to pull the wool over their eyes. Once that happens to the people, then you know you can't get away with it. Then they start questioning everything. This is what happened here, they started questioning. After they found one lie they started questioning a bunch of other things. They found out about the lies that led to the threat of then losing their land, which to Indian people, to Navajo people, is the most precious thing.

Their whole existence comes from the land and the threat of taking that away is like threatening to kill an indifidual Navajo or the Navajo nbation. The other part, the second part that I mention is that a lot of Navajo people are coming that a lot of Navajo people are coming back better educated to te ways of the white man and also better educated to their owwn ways. So they understand a lot better when a white man is saying something, what he's really saying. Rather than what it appears to be. So it's more difficult for the anglos to come in now and pull the wool over a Navajo's eyes, than it was 30 years ago.

GT: DO YOU THINK THAT A NATION CAN DO WHAT AN AGENCY OR AN INDIVIDUAL CAN'T DO... WHAT DO YOU FEEL IS NECESSARY?

M: Yes, I think that in America everybody's saying that Black people made their move,. their big social move, and now here come the IOndians and they're probably waking up, but that's a bunch of baloney because Indians have always been militant. The last war fought was in 1910 against California tribe, so that the last war has only been about 60 years ago. Since numerous situations have occurred, like in the 30's Indians around BIA valley boarding and administrtation buildings, burned down all the buildings in protest againinst their treatment by BIA officials.

(Continued on Page 17)

WELFARE AIN'T RELIEF NO MORE

by RALPH HALL

There is no relief from or let up seen in sight in New York City's unrelenting, cold and brutal war upon it's own, over 1,200,000, already starving, impoverished, battered, torn, weakened and weary, shoved around welfare recipients. Welfare has become grief, not relief; a mass fucking over under the guise of help!

The Department of Social Services' Human Resources "boss", Jules Sugarman, a Lindsay administration qhite 'nigger' puppet, has disclosed a new 'top priority' work-power reform program which will affect some 60,000 persons now welfared by this city.

In short, my friends, it means that 1 person out of every 12 has had the poly-mgrphine-hexisqueeze cast upon them, and having been so are now mandared to go to work for the city, and or be overseen and further dehumanized by state employment agencies which would ensure that the registered welfare workers will try wo make vain attempts at finding work that there is not, or else! Or else what? Or else they don't get relief assistance any more, that's what! In otherwords, New York City has had to create and invent a new form of working class, a welfare working force, with the city, state and private agencies as 'bosses.' It's a very weird, prejudiced and descriminating, across-the-board, top-to-bottom, employer-employee relationship. Well, that's political insanity for you.

The new system, which will employ the unemployable, is just another one of the City's (the Mayor's actually) distorted and pervkrse forms of harassment and intimidation of wwlfare people, and an unforcasted creation of more hyper-tension and problems arising among all in the communities. And it's downright irksome, unreal, and asking for trouble, if you were to ask me, and believe me, the city is going to get 'it' this summer. The public is annoyed that the pigs are on a rampage, well, wait'll they see what angry welfare people can do.

I'm not sure, because all tallies aren't in as yet, but, I'm pretty sure that the persons most likely affected by this horrible outrage, are those barely 'able-bodied' single women and men, although it is said that prez Nixon has proposed that all welfare mothers who aren't caring for (or working to support) their child dependents under the age of 6 (after age 3 by 1974) will definitely get the boot to go register to work.That's really an issue for case of alarm, fire and brimstone, in itself.

Vigorous steps and legal action should be taken immediately against the city, state and federal governments, challenging the likely unconstitutionality of the overall program and of its unjust advocation of the violation of the peoples civil and human rights; and as well, the denial of state and federal minimum wages, way, way and far below the human minimum wage city employees receive. Under the new arrangement persons would have to accept any shitjob mffered to them, moreso "told to take,' AND WELFARE PEOPLE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO REFUSE ANY EMPLOYMENT, OR THEY FACE LOSS OF THEIR RELIEF ASSISTANCE IF THEY DO. That's in violation, and an invasion of an indicvidual's right to cvhoose ones own kind of employ, where one chooses to work and for whom one wishes to work for. Besides, there is no way guaranteed welfare people to petition the government and present a redress of grievances, because they are allowed no rights and privileges of status quo. It's really a shame, a headache, heartache and loads of grief, and if I had a gun I'd...

As it is, the city is telling the welfared "you either do as we say, obey, you work for us or private enterprise, or get fired, no relief!" Who does a person turn to for help during this sort of crisis or predicament? What does a person do? There aren't many gutters left open and unoccupied, and the morgues are overcrowded as is. The new system also means that the remaining 1,140,000 persons still getting their public assistance without much hassle, will once again have to live hour by hour of each new day in fear of losing their relief; one, if children reach the age where it is considered the mother is qualified to work; two, that one's public assistance runs out, either by record or medical (mental and physical) default; or three, if the father doesn't leave his family, let's say unwillingly he is forced to desert. The whole effort is to keep contact with, and tabs and pressures upon those persons which the DOSSfeels are cheating in the game, and to save the city and pubpic some money. That's alot of crap!! The new program demands an increase in use of public funds.

Looking into the future day care centers will become heavily overcrowded and underpeople, and the city is going to have to open emergency day care centers, plan for or build new ones. Alot of family ties are going to be broken now that the married men are going to be forced to leave home and stay away indefinitely, meanwhile getting pitiful muckraking jobs in order to support themselves and their families as secretly as possible. A life of underground drama has been created. Those men (or women, whatever the case may be) perhaps disabled in one way or another, and who get will, are cured or whatever, will flee home to keep relief coming in to their families. They have no other recourse, except say goodbye for good. Single men and women, of course, have no way out but to submit to registering to work. The city, state and federal governments have no right exercising power like this over people and inhumanly breaking up families and individuals this way, or any way. The program is sure to be an incentive for and will encourage more family break-ups on a large scale. Where is te city going to find enough day care facilities for the 'employable' mothers, when and if it comes to that? No plans or ground work have been prepared for the future. Sad.

The welfare work system is going to create an ovjrburdensome amount of bureaucratic mish mash of paperwork, and a caseload strain on the already displeasured and overworked DOSS people. The city knows it can't get those persons whom it feels arc employable to voluntarily succumb to this new form of slavery and utter humiliation, so it has made it into a direct involuntary person order'to seek work!It's Lindsay's 1971 'get tough' policy, one you can;t get out , and one which is assured to never resolve the problems of welfare, and needless to say, this city.

As we are continually made aware, New York City's public assistance program is one of the most costly to operate and keep functioning, possibly 2nd only to California;s. And, as all should know, amerika created the welfare system to give the nation;s white populace first crack and rights in obtaining higher earnings, better positions in skills, trades and the bureaucracy, the soft-ass jobs if you will. I really don't but I do, understand why 'whitey' complains that he's so forced to uupport chiselers, freaks and the depraved perverts of society, and during all that, worrying why his taxes are paying who he feels fetermined are unneedy. I don't know what he's hollering about, all money is government issued; owned lock, stock and barrel as it were, and can be denied from anyone when and as the government feels, even in the guise of corporate, private and public institutions. And too, the public at large screams about where its money is going, and to whom, but in actuality are as well being fucked over, 'cause one can;t say or do anything about it. The Man is in control, you know.

The welfare system was created to keep the alien, foreigner-Third World and white impoverished, in constant poverty and need, and in their place at the bottom of tys lieing, thieving and inhuman totem pole of piggish inhumanness. Alot of the publik is thinking under the pretense, and assuming, that everyone on welfare does not deserve to be. Well, in my book, and I know of many, many more sisters and brothers who;ll agree with me, that anyone who can go through the ill-treatment and run around the DOSSpersonnel and city gives one applying for assistance, most certainly deserves the need for relief, and all one can get out of them. And more power to everyone who do receive welfare. That goes for me too. They're not going to bugger me off the rolls that easily. I'm ready to make a fight, scandal and or fuss, whatever is needed, if anyone attempts to kick me off public assistance. And it's not just because I'm gay or that I;m white, or that I feel I'm more privileged than the next, but because I have certain unalienable rights guaranteed me (but denied) in the Constitution, Declaration of Independence and Bill of Rightrs, and the city, state and federal governments are to be reminded of that, and reinformed of 'their' place and resaponsibility to honor, respect and serve its public, all the people, not to enslave or dictate this and that to them. The System is sliding on thin ice! It'd better watch its' step and be more sure of its' moves beforre it acts. As far as I'm concerned this new welfare system is a stab in the back, a threat against my life and means, and only way, of survival open to me. Besides, no one will employ an overt homosexal and revolutionary. If the city even tries to tell me that I have to find THER MEANS, THEN LET IT BE K N O W N N O W , BEFOREHAND, THAT i have no friend who'll support me, or could, even if they wanted to or were capable and able to do so. My health is poor and ecologically I'm dying and this system is driving me crazy and its impossible to think gay anymore, and I can positively not work and still be able to keep my left mind and cool. I'm in subordinate anough w situation and position as it is being gay, seeing as how my being is not, and my acts aren't, legal in this city and state anyhow, and nowhere in the union where I'd like to live am I safe other than here. On the books my practice and morality is criminal and outlawed by law, rather than regarded as a natural entity and right to be, preference and choice up to me.

Anyway one looks at it, especially moreso now than ever, the welfare system is perversely anti-human and degrading, bigoted, racist, classist, ageist and sexist, and whether we like it or not folks, we're all forced to accept that fact as reality, and like it, or else! I'm no advocate of bureaucracy, red tape and slavery, let me make that most perfectly clear, but I don't like it, and millions of others don't like it, but we need it, we need welfare or jlse confront face to face whe fact that there is no survival, but death, looking us straight in the eyes.

What exactly New York City proposes to do, or how it plans to employ 60,000 welfare persons and be able to keep the program running smoothly and efficiently, that I don't know. But I do know this. If the Mayor thinks he's going to substitute us for several thousand maintenance workers he's thinking of laying off who can collect unemployment insurance, then he's got a war coming. Or, if he says that we have to sweep the streets, collect the garbage, scrub the floors of his offices and hospitals and be made to don uniforms of the city, public and private employers, then he'd better reconsider his thinking about it.

the Mayor now has enough power to mobilize us anytime, and when, he feels it necessary, or not. We're not going to work for peanuts, when union lazorers have contracts for high pay and benefits for doing the same work. f he's going to demand all this. of 60,0 0 persons, then we have the right to form strikes, to form our own welfare union to demand minimum and maximum wages for all work done and overtime, and to have the same equal rights and benefits as all other city employees - like vacations with pay, advancement opportunities, sick pay, paid days off, decent hours, one hour for lunch, coffee breaks, and other fringe benefits, and clauses, etc. Looks like the Mayor wantq us to kiss his ass, and bow to the unholy master meat. Just because he's an aspiring presidential candidate for '72, is no reason to leave us to quarrel and protest against another Mayor, who's bound to be just as bad, two-timing and stupid.

The idea of putting unnecessary work loads upon state and city employment agencies is outright stupidity and insanity. The very idea the Mayor thinking he's gonna get away with making us wait line for our bread and water, and then have us go through some ridiculous, confusing and intimidating procedures in order to first qualify to get the money coming us, the money we need to survive, and then maybe not getting it. Listen John, you aren'5 tonnq puwh uw q4oune qny mo43. ¼3'll o4tqnia3 qtqinw5 you ir 23 hqf3 5o, wo eon'5 mqk3 uw hqf3 5o.

The federal and state governments are troubled, worried and crying because welfare payments and caseloads are on the rise and growing higher every month of every new year. New York alone has an astoanding 17,000 person rise in new recipients monthly; Illinois and CAlifornia, a magnificent approximation of 30,000 and 46,000, respectively.

New York City's new problem is that it discourages, we on relief, any work incentives, and truly honest opportunties to find work, or to

(Continued on Page 20)

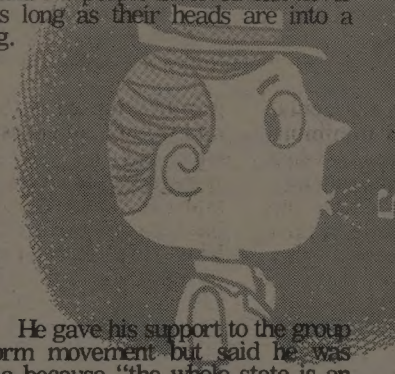
Looney Tunes and MERRY MARCHING SONGS

BY JOE KANE

The Mental Patients' Liberation Front held its first open meeting on June 13 at the Washington Square Methodist Church, for the purpose of getting an initial look at each other and drawing up a rough draft for a Mental Patients' bill of Rights. About 40 former mental patients were in attendance, ranging in age from about 18 to 50, although the majority were young-in their early and mid-twenties. The atmosphere at the meeting was sane and not very different from most sunh meetings. Aleaflet explaining the group's general aims was distributed.

Most of the rights the former patine patients are seeking have to do with the common abuses mentioned above (the right to refuse medi ation, the right to personal counsel and a private physician, payment for forced labor, etc.) The meeting itself was to some degree dominated by a young man identified only as "Howie" whose educated street raps always kept the discussions moving forward. Howie is slanted to talk on WPLG-FM but disavows any intention of becoming a spokesman or leader in the group, emphasizing that the MPLF will discourage personal stars and leaders.

Adiscussion over the right to commit suinide while interred in a mental prison brought out some of the differences of opinion existing within the group. One guy, who had been sketching pencil portraits of the other people in the room, expressed his doubts about the group being a 'liberation' front. "Liberation is an indicidual thing," he told me, and the people involved can never become liberated as long as their heads are into a mental hospital thing.



He gave his support to the group as an overdue reform movement but said he was splitting to California because "the whole state is an open usylum."

If you want to find out more about MPLF call the church where the group will be getting together on weekends.

MENTAL PATIENTS' LIBERATION PROJECT

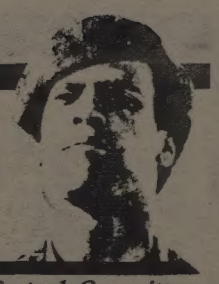
The Mental Patients' Liberation Project is based on the belief that peoples' problems are not individual, not due to personal inadequacies but are the normal results of living in an oppressive society. Add, we believe that our so-called "sickness" is a personal rebellion or an internal revolt against this inhumane system. We plan to actively fight mental institutions and the brutalization they represent (e.g. involuntary confinement, electric shock, use of drugs, forced labor, beatings and the constant afkronts to our self-identity). Even in so-called "progressive hospitals" where many of the physical abuses do not occur, we're still made to feel so low that our concepts of who we are, and our beliefs, are pushed down so far that we often end up kccepting our jailor's society. We will work to free all people imprisoned in mental institutions.

We hope that the Mental Patients' Liberation Project will establish crisis centers where people with problems can get help from people who are undergoing or have undergone similar experiences. We believe that people can be helped through people helping each other - people with hang-ups being totally open and sincere with each other. The majority of shrinks, on the other hand, set themselves up as all-knowing authorities and from their positions of power automatically assume that the so-called patient is sick and not the society.

The Mental Patients' Liberation Project will be composed of people who have shared in the "insane experience" - the experience that not only includes being locked up in mental institutions, but also includes being treated by shrinks as sick - somehow inferior to "healthy" people. It includes being ostracized by those same "normal" people because you're considered strange and abnormal; it includes the loneliness of not being able to "fit in" - always seeming to be an outsider.

It is the self-negation many feel when they're treated by everyone around them as if they're not there - as if they're invisible - somehow not important enough (not "heavy" or not "strong" enough) to be paid attention to. It includes having constant emotional upheavals and having no one to turn to - thinking you're the only one in the world with problems that gnaw at you.

For too long we've been blaming and hating ourseles; for too long we've been ashamed of our "insane experience." Now we hope to get together - to gain strangth and support from each other and to struggle for our own personal liberation as well as the liberation of our xrothers and sisters in mental institutions. In this struggle we realize that we are oppressed by the same system that oppresses third world, women, gay and poor people; and, we realize that we will not be free until everyone is free.



PANTHERS HEAD FOR HOME

The Black Panther Party has been undergoing some changes and is in the process of forging a new relationship with the black community.

The capitalist press has buried the Panthers twice in the last couple of years -- first saying they were dispersed or exterminated as a coherent organization during the raids, shootouts, mass arrests and murders in Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Atlanta, New Orleans and elsewhere in 1969-70 and then saying that the split with Cleaver this year had been so divisive that the party was immobilized and disintegrating.

The fact is the Panther Party has been reassessing its relationship with the black community, particularly the church and black capitalism. It is starting two new factories in Oakland, one to make shoes, the other clothes. It is trying to become less dependent on the rich liberals who have been providing much of the party's bankroll.

In the last two issues of the "Black Panther Intercommunal News Service," Huey P. Newton (in whose name the paper is copyrighted) issued new position statements on the church and the small capitalists in the black community. The black churches are tied to almost the whole community, and "once we stepped outside of the church. . . we stepped outside of the thing that the community was involved in."

First Huey explained his own analysis of religion. God, he believes, is man's explanation of the unknown. Whenever we gain an understanding of something, it is no longer part of God but has become part of man. "In other words, at one point when thunder clashed it was God's clap, putting his hands together. As soon as we found out that it was not God, then we say that God has other attributes but not that one. So in that way we took on what was His before."

Huey believes that eventually all knowledge will come to man; "the answers will be delivered, they will be explained in a way that we can understand and that we can control."

"But as man develops and understands more and more then he will approach God, and finally he will reach heaven and therefore he will merge with the universe." When this finally happens, Huey footnotes, the church will disappear. "I've never heard one preacher say that there is a need for the church in heaven."

Historically, Huey sees the black church as one of the first few victories for the black people in America. "They warred against us; but finally we got that compromise and we worship as a unit, as a people concerned with satisfying their needs."

Originally the Panthers were totally opposed to the church on the grounds that it was an instrument of oppression, and blunted the thinking of black people. And even now Huey is aware of the possible contradictions that can arise in black-controlled churches. "The only thing we will criticize in the future is when the church does not act upon these evils that we feel cause man to go on his knees."

In the most recent issue of the Panther paper, Huey reassesses the role of black capitalism in the black community.

In the period now just past, Huey recalled, "The Black Panther Party defected from the black community, (and) we became, for a while, revolutionary cultists (who) despised everyone who had not reached our level of consciousness -- or the level of consciousness we thought we were at." This defection, which is being progressively remedied, led the Party to take "a counter-revolutionary position with a blanket condemnation of black capitalism." This was because "we did not make a truly dialectical analysis of the situtation."

Huey quotes point three of the Party 10-point program, which defines capitalism as robbery, and asserts that "Capitalistic exploitation is one of the basic causes of our problem. It is the goal of the Black Panther Party to negate capitalism in our communities and in the oppressed communities throughout the world."

However, Huey states, "since the people see black capitalism in the community as Black control of local institutions, this is a positive characteristic." He hopes that "by increasing the positive qualities of the black capitalist, we may be able to bring about a non-antagonistic solution of his contradiction with the community, while at the same time heightening the oppressed community's contradiction with the large corporate capitalist empire. This will intensify the antagonistic contradiction between the oppressed community and the empire, and by heightening that contradiction, there will subsequently be a violent transformation of the corporate empire."

Huey points out that the black capitalists are economic vicitims of the big corporate capitalists who control them through their monopolies on skills, goods and capital. He draws a parallel between the black capitalists and the national bourgeoisie in national wars of decolonization such as Vietnam or China. "In wars of decolonization the national bourgeoisie supports the freedom struggles of the people because they recognize that it is in their own selfish interest. Then when the foreign exploiter has been kicked out, the national bourgeoisie takes his place and continues the exploitation. However, the national bourgeoisie is a weaker group... therefore the people are in a better position to wipe the national bourgeoisie away."

Of course, Huey is not encouraging blacks to get bound up in the capitalist rat race. But he is proposing that the party approach the black capitalists in the community, relate to them, and encourage their support of the party's community survival programs. The Party promises that it will give advertising space in the Panther paper "in return for contributions to the survival programs which are free to the community." However "we will never sell advertising space in the paper." This will divide black capitalists into two classes: those who support the community and those who do not. Huey calls upon the people to enforce this division.

The "survival programs" of which he speaks are the other area of development in the party. The Panthers are opening a shoe factory at 14th and Jefferson in Oakland. The machines have already been donated and the labor force will be made up mostly of ex-convicts who need jobs to get paroles, many of whom were trained in prison to make shoes. The plan is to give a certain amount of shoes away each week -- a "right to wear shoes program", to complement the free breakfast for children program that the Panthers have run for years.

The party is also going ahead with construction of a clothing factory on 3rd Street, also in Oakland. The scheme is to make golf bags under contract to a company and use the profits to give away 300 to 400 new clothes a month. "We will have no overhead because. . . we'll exploit our collective by making them work free."

In addition, the Panthers are opening an offensive on the genetic disease sickle-cell anemia, a hybrid peculiar to the black race which gives protection from malaria at the cost of an anemic condition which is a pure liability in malaria-free zones like the U.S.

Another new move by the party is the creation of the Ideological Institute to teach administrative skills to members of the party. The problem has been that only the Central Committee could make administrative decisions (which of course must be soundly based in ideology), and lower cadres were often afraid to make any independent move without consulting higher-ups. But with the expanding roles of the Party, there is an increasing need for able, independent administrators, and it is one job of the Institute to help train the party members for these tasks.

As the Panther Party roots itself more deeply in the black community, it is cutting its ties with its previous white benefactors. In one respect this is a risk. It may have been only the presence of Pacific Heights socialities that kept the S.F. office from being raided by police back in 1969 when the FBI was coordinating attacks on local party headquarters across the country. But now they admit the error of condemning small black capitalists while accepting money from "wealthy white philanthropists, humanitarians, and heirs to the corporate monopolies."

But the move into the community is necessary. The Panthers are not a people's liberation army, and even the rhetoric of violence and guns has almost disappeared from the pages of the Panther newspaper. Slashing reports of white Amerika's oppression and genocide upon the black colony still share the pages with accounts of the struggles of blacks to liberate themselves, but the pictures of cops bleeding from gunshot wounds inflicted by blacks are gone.

The Panthers were never a guerilla underground, although they always threatened to become one. They were an armed above-ground propaganda group. Now they feel the need to expand their role in the black community and to cease playing on the racist fears of the white power structure. But with their new seriousness, it is assumed that they would support an underground armed liberation group if one would make itself felt.

It is said that when Huey was speaking in the East earlier this year to a group of middle-aged blacks, no one seemed impressed by his stand. When he was through, one of the women stood up and said that Huey Newton and the Black Panthers had lost their souls and were going to hell. Huey seemed visibly rocked by this graphic demonstration of the chasm separating the Panthers from large sections of the black community.

The party is working to bridge this gap and to unify their colonized community against the oppressor.

"Revolution is a process, not a conclusion."

Letter From BELFAST

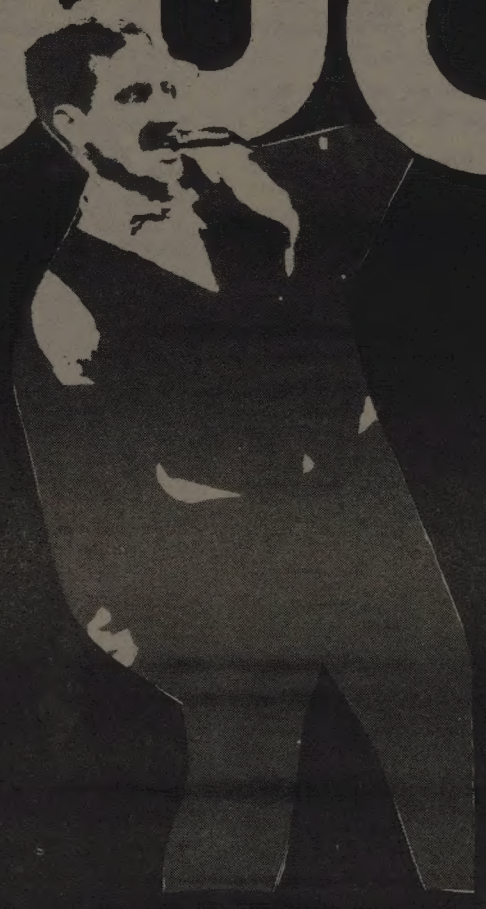
Dear Abbie:

Greetings brother. How are things with you? On the tribal telephatic I am sure you got word of our bust. I was a vicious political-pig-frameup and a fascist reaction to the scare-waves generated by your visit. Joe STevens, a UPS photogrpaher, Felix de Mendelssohn, a German underground writer and myself got busted after a fire bomb attack on that desert of apathy, QUEENS UNIVERSITY BELFAST. Yes, we were in the vicinity but Joe Sevens was home in bed. A gun was found and the whole pig media erupted into a scareology lashback, screaming international anarchist pot etc. We have been refused bail d and the last 10 weeks in this 18th century rathole called a jail have been hell. Lawyers here are shit! Those clowns of wig and gown are pathetic willing slaves of a system of political fratonage (corruption) negating any efforts to voice truth or concepts of freedom. It is a deadly legal dance with us the sacrificial victims. The legal persona intend fair play but the lfaw is the sytem or oragnge facism is evil, a wall against nature, truth and life our forthcoming trial shall be a mock hearing, an arena of fascist lies. We can as the poly-personality of the BELFAST THREE only fight it with integrity and the poetry of therevolution. It may not be legally expedient but the majority of the kids on the streetsand life is with us. The orange darkness tries to blot out our struggle. the pig military machine of the ocupying imperialistic troops tries to contain the urban guerilla struggle but to no avail. My priprison stone box echoes each night to the symphony of gunfire and bombs and we scream with hope, remember who we are and continue to struggle the next long march is thru theinstitutes! ..This front we are fighting on is a confrontation with the rish tragedy. Belfast is no longer the Joycean sow that eats its own farrow, it is you and me and all the kids in the tribes struggling against the repressions of the occidential madness and we are winning. There can be no peace between oppression and freedom, between the pigs and the street kids, etween the Belfascist and the renowned Ballymurphy Brigade and Ireland unfree can never be at peace!

Orange, we the youth of Ireland only know the road to paradise lost, so fuck off England. I met you only briefly, your naivete of Ireland's bedlam wanted maturing and it would have flowed into a beautiful awareness. But your struggle stateside has entered a new era, a bullet for a bullet it is no use using absurd materialistic thinking about freedom and revolution. You must defend it and fight for it. Life sponges from death. We are with you in our bodies and in our loving. Victory to the Vietcong and the Green cong. The host of spiritual communion we give to you all to Anita, your hchild, your tribe, be strong wise ans wary. Get the word around about us. We ar down for 10 years. Soulscreams and midreesls. Let us throw some light on England's Vietnam. Kids are dying every day. It is a class struggle. We strive for the estate of golden dreams. RIGHT ON. Be cool when you return. Don't go to jail. We love and need your strength. Get the kids to relate to us via the address on the cover. Orion moves across an infinitisimal space. The flame of our revolution burns brightly. Take care of yourself. Love and Reovlution. Oh yes.Send your book!

James McCann
Belfast Three

GROUCHO



Continued From Last Week

GROUCHO: Do you think the average girl prefers a man with a beard?

INK: The girls that I know do.

GROUCHO: Are they all degenerates?

INK: In your day, Harpo had longer hair—

GROUCHO: No, he wore a wig.

INK: But still, that was the appearance he gave to the public.

GROUCHO: But he had no beard, no moustache.

INK: You have a moustache. You have a **famous** moustache.

GROUCHO: Yeah, I **had.**

INK: I've always been curious about what you said to T.S. Eliot and what T.S. Eliot said to you, when you had dinner together.

GROUCHO: Well, we spent a long evening talking, I don't remember...

INK: About literature? About movies?

GROUCHO: He wanted to talk about the movies, and I wanted to talk about his writing. And that's the way the evening went.

INK: Have you managed to hld ontl enough money so you don't have to worry?

GROUCHO: Yeah. As a rule, I don't answer any questions as personal as that.

INK: Well, I figured if you didn't want toanswer it you just wouldn't answer it.

GROUCHO: Suppose Iasked you how much money you had?

INK: In my pocket right now?

GROUCHO: No.

INK: Well, Ill tell you.

GROUCHO: But I'm not interested.

INK: That's why we're interviewing you and you''re not interviewing us.

GROUCHO: Well, so far all I've had is two slieves of pumpernickel.

INK: We're doing our best.

INK: Why can't they maake funny movies anymore? What did you have that they don't have?

GROUCHO: Well, to begin with we had talent. Then we had very good writers. And we spent a year on each picture. Elliot Gould has just made four pictures in five months. How can they be any good? Especially since it's just two people in bed fucking. It takes more than that.

INK: Still, even the films that are supposed to be funny — like **Catch 22** just don't make you laugh. When I see a Marx Brothers movie I come out with my sides hurting a little bit, and the muscles in my face all tired from laughing.

GROUCHO: You should take a doctor with you.

INK: It doesn't really reach the point of pain, usually.

GROUCHO: But don't you know them so well by this time that there's no more laughs in them?

INK: Absolutely flase. I must know nearly every shot in them and I still roar with laughter. The sequwence at the end of **Duck Soup** where with every cut you go through a whole set of costume changes—

GROUCHO: You mean in the war?

INK: Yeah, I know it's coming every time I see the film, and I still love it.

GROUCHO: Half the time I didn't know which side I was fighting on.

INK: That's what was nice about it.

GROUCHO: THe kids are very smart. They've caught all these things. That's why I get so goddamn much fan mail.And I'm not crazy about that, because Harpo and Chico are gone and I''m the only one left who can writee. They couldn't write when they were living.

WAITER: One hamburger. **(He presents it).**

GROUCHO: That's all you brought, one hamburger? For three people.

WAITER: That's it. You'll have to share it.

GROUCHO: No wonder the chicanos are in trouble. I always thought that was a town in the mideast. You know, I have a two o'clock appointment with my doctor. It I get there at 2:15 I'll still be alive.

INK: Many people who look at your films now see elements of surrealism and dada in them.

GROUCHO: It's kind of an LSD effect I guess.

INK: That wasn't exactly what I meant. I wondered whether, in 1935, the names Cocteau or Jarry would have meant anything to you?

GROUCHO: At that time, all I was reading was the New York Journal, with editorials by William Randolph Hearst.

INK: So you say you weren't influenced by the class surrealists.

GROUCHO: I had never heard of them in those days. I was too busy making a living in vaudeville.

INK: Of your whole life in show business, wat at your favvorite time, when you were in vaudeville?

GROUCHO: I ate in cheap restaurants, lived in bum hotels, boarding houses...

INK: And yet there's an atmosphere of half-glamour, half-nostalgia for vaudeville.

GROUCHO: Au contraire. I was crazy about earning money and living well.

INK: Always?

GROUCHO: As soon as I found out it was better than being poor.

INK: Then you weren't at all interested in art?

GROUCHO: Not at all. Not in the pictures nor on the stage. I think I was a natural comedian, and I enjoyed doing that.

INK: Did you ever think when you were doing it, even privately, that it was art?

GROUCHO: I thought I had a good racket going. No, I never thought of it as art. I don't think the word art, which happens to be my son's name, has ever come up in my thoughts or my conversation. I didn't think there was any art involved. We were trying to bve funny, and we were getting very good money for it.

INK: Well, now that there's a vast body of literature dedicated to the proposition that at lepye movies were art, have you changed your mind?

GROUCHO: No, I still fell the same way. I think we were very lucky that, with a limited amount of talent, we fooled the public successfully for aany years.

INK: Why do you say fooled them? The pictures were truly funny.

GROUCHO: I didn't think so — I wouldn't go. Oh, I like some of them. I'll never forget: Ithink the best

(Continued on Page 20)

One of the values of the much-maligned school of "oldstyle" science fictiion (science as adventure rather than condition) good gusy, bad guys, ray guns, showdown on Alpha Centuri) was paranoia, the willingness to believe that around every corner and time warp lay the destruction not only of oneself but of the whole tender trembling world, vulnerable at any moment to the galacticrape electronic beings or crag people or sundry effluvious radioactive by fotsam. In the better incunabula of the genre (like van Vogt's Voyage of the Space Beagle) the chief joy was in the Faustian-Sherlockina efforts of the young scientist (and his dumb wife and his grisly old professor) to avert imminent doom. Flash Grodon, Mister Spock, intrepid saviours all.

I've always admired and honoured these men and women for their insight, perseverance and fearlessness, much as the microbe hunters, hunger fighters and cacid dealers of the so-called real world, not to mention Paul Muni and Doctyor Ehrlich. I don't think I'd last a minute in their shoes. Because of that The Hellstrom Chronicle spooked me more than anything since waking up at 6 a.m. the morning of May 2 in Peace City Park in D.C. surrounded by 50,000 frozen freaks and 10,000 National Guard dressed for a massacre. On that occasiion everybody at least knew how to climb his own tree and we all came back to fight another day --such are the ways of those who would wage, in Che's telling phrase, the war of the flea.

For less parochial paranoia, The Hellstrom Chronicle offers a factual study of the deceptively innocent if irritating (sspecially to those of us who have achieved a sort of at-one-ness with un-nature, namely New York City) heirs to the world (they've already got Jersey), the simple, totalitarian, banal, ubiquitous, inifinite and ignoble insect.

Kafka understated the case. So did Jack Arnold, whose The Incredible shrinking Man depicted the figurative and literal diminution of a henpecked husband, his imprisonment in his own cellar (subconscious) where he must kill a spider (classis symbol of female sexuality) for food, thus reasserting his manhood and coming to terms with a harmonious universe (see the March Films and Filming for and expansion of this view).

A recent screening at the Orpheum omitted both the iinitial quibble with his wife, which deprived the film of its symbolic structure, and the onslaught of the cat, the best scene in the film. Why is this?) The Hellstrom Chronicle shows there is no harmonious universe and certainly no coming to terms with it. Wether we can hope to win even the all-but-apocalyptic of Charlton Heston as Leinengen in The Naked Jungle when he was forced to destroy his hard-won plantatiion (man's world) in order to save his life from the marapunta, dread onslaught of the all-consuming soldier ants.

How do you drive a baby buggy? Put cockroaches in his crib. Summer is a cumen in, there's flies in the resta urants, bees in the bonnets, de locus' in de corn an' Missuh Weevil's in de cotton. The dread tsetse fly bears hot malarial death to the unwary traveller. Upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's goddam chamber, nothing but pismires and lepidoptera. It makes me think of something Dostoyevsky said, I forget what, Svidrigaylov in Crime and Punishment speaks of eternity as ar outhouse crawling with spiders. Roquentine, he of the nausea, felt much the same. Let us turn to the facts, ma'am. I quote liberally and lazily from the ress release: **"50,000,000 millior ears before the first bird appeared on earth the first insect had accomplished flight. Insects can pull 100 times their wieght, jump distances 50 times their size and consume 100 times their weight each day. A plague of locusts can be considered as a single animal; its body covers 400 miles –its mouth consumes 80,000 tons of food each day. On the march, in their never ending search for prey, the driver ants for a column one mile long, 20 million strong.**

" The insects are total fascists, devoted only to the patterns of their needs and the collective good. Their social units are utterly regimented: workers, warriors, drones, queens, The film, all of whose photographic documentation is ten times incredible, includes footage of the totally mechanical life of the termite mound, including the ruthless defense of the mound by expendable soldiers against an army of black ants. When the mound is safe sand sealed, the soldiers, who have gone on fighting after all their limbs have xeen severed, are left to die in the sun.

The world's food supplies are dwinling, and by far the greatest percentage now goes to the insects. They ars increasingly immune to insecticides, and we are continually poisoned. A consoling thought is that after they eat us up they'll sooner or later go after themselves. So what.

The film makes the viewer the third party, the scientist in the science fiction situation, to whom all is revealed so all may be saved, just as in much so-called revolutionary cinema the viewer allegedly indulges in vicarious consciousness raising (euphemism for boredom) and on emerging becomes some sort of proletarian deus ex machina.

But while nobody can really claim to be apolitical, very few of us are of entymological bent, at best we have a degree of expertise in squashing the fuckers, hence the film's inexorable mounting trror, staying with us long after the "I couldn't take a shower after Psycho" shock. Nobody knoes what to do except admit we're hoplessly doomed and extinction is jut around the flytrap and there's nothing to do except go on living for the moment, like the films's beautiful vision of the one-day Mayflies who live for eighteen hours ("The only purpose of life is life and only man doubts it."), oc in the adult Disney moment of anthropomorphism depicting the mating of black widow spiders and how they got their name, starring Kate Millet and D. H. Lawrence, accompanied by a twangy bluesy guitar, one of the most erotic moments in cinema since Monica Vitti and Gabriele Ferzetti unexpectedly coupled in the empty town of blank white houses in L'Avventura. Of course this is precisely what I'm talking about.

Anyway, The Hellstrom Chronicle is a stunningly beautiful film that brings you to the edge and pushes you off. I hope they don't find out what we used to do to flies in the Boy Scouts. Hellstrom is rated G but only a sadist would take a kid.

Pray let us have no prying into secrets – in the fullness of time we shall know.– Der Zauberberg

Mann's dictum is the essence of fictive art: the human belief or illusiion that in the end, of life and art, there is some meaning, or some beauty, or some reassurance that the only meaning is that here is no meaning at all. Of course someone is always coming up with the Answer and there is, too, the periodical larvae-like swarming of Jesus freaks and the whole beautiful tragic spectrum of divine dingbats ready to pick it up. Such are the saved. But to those of the damned ilk of Samuel Beckett, to whom life is all suffering and expiation for the "sin of being born", art can only be consolation. Since in this genre the genius of Garcia Gabriel Marquez's novel One Hundred Years of Solitude (just out in paperbakc from Avon, $1.50, eaily snatched) is more than tangential to the morbid theme of The Hellstrom Chronicle and this column generally, I'd like to mention it to you. If you know how to read this boodk is for you. If you know how to read this book is for you. It will probably take Tolkien's place on the campuses (Tolkien incidentally took it from Lord of the Flies), if there's anybody with half a mind left on them. There shouldn't be.

The book, a monster with the proportiion and ambition of the Bible or Finnigan's Wake, is an epic dream of the rise and fall of manking. Formally, it is the family cronicle of the Buendias, a mythical family who found a mythical town in a mythical country in South America. In the course of the town's and the family's hundred year history, the central myths of the Latin experience are covered, isolation, boom, imperialism, civil war and revolution, as well as seven years of rain and the final timeless decay, like that of Hans Castorp, into a sleezy backwater ghetto. The Buendias concern thmselves with alchemy, religion, mysticusm, war, artisanry, cock'-fighting and sex. Marquez, who has a total grasp of emotions of his characters as these things happen to them and around them, and in them and through them relates all that passes in a mournful ex post facto voice, making it clear that in his world even the happiest times are overshadowed by death, and all the characters com e to their lonely ends, as I suspect all do although the only person I know who's been dead is Titus and he ain't talkin, though he will if I ask him to which I won't. To return to the book it begins: **Many years latert, as he faced the firing squad, Colonel Aureliano Buendia was to remember that distant afternoon his father took him to discoer ice.** There you have it, death and magic.

The book's first principal, the patriarch Jose Arcadio Buendia, alchemist and aventurer, goes crackers trying to disprove God (in Latin, a charming symbol of atheist nostalgia for divinity) and is tied to a tree. The last Buendia spends his whole life trying to decipher a history of the family written 100 years before by a reincarnated gypsy. After his son, born if ubcest wuth his sister, is sucked dry and carried off by insects, he finally succeeeds in reading: **The first of the line is tied to a tree and the last is being eaten by ants.** Need I add more? After that the world ends. A great book, Anyway the first bee of the season has just swarmed into the EVO office. Quick Weberman, the Flit!

But here's my real theory on how the world ends. Some dingbat (or deity) named Kali (the Destroyer?) wrote to Frick last week to tell him the world was over. As usual nobody told me. But, to honor this overwhelming evidence of public fascination with doom, I predict that the world will end when Bill Graham decides "the scene's not as good as it used to be."

GREAT LINES FROM GREAT MOVIES: Here's one for P. J. O'Rourke, wherever he may roam. Jack Warden in Twelve Angy Men: "A Baltimore fan? Ain't that like gettin' hit in the head wit' a crowbar twice a day?

"HEY GUYS, WHERE YOU GONNA SLEEP TONIGHT?"

by lynda crawford

There was nothing particularly peculiar about this Friday morning for the two apartment dwellers at 234 East 17th Street. As a matter of fact, for the five months they had been sharing an apartment in this Gramercy Park, non-junkie building there was nothing peculiar about their mornings. Very quiet and peaceful risings (with the occasional of when the loft-bed dweller would miss the ladder), as each would stumble through their dimly lit abode quite shielded from sunlight by the surrounding buildings, readying themselves for the new day while trying to piece together the old one through their left-over-stoned-and-blurry images. Yes, it was just another typical day with the loft-bedder searching with one hand through his shirt for matches to light his second cigarette while in the midst of a coughing spasm and with the other hand leafing through a Mark Twain; in his room the double-bedder had already dragged himself to is typewriter and began his ritual of cursing himself out for not finishing his story the night before as planned.

It was at precisely this moment, on precisely this type of morning or more precisely the morning of Friday, March 29th that the doorbell rang.

Now it is not my intention to keep you too long from what lay on the other side of the door but I feel it most important that I relay to you the sequence that preceded the opening of the door. Now, both having lived their entire lives in this push-button mechanized world (well, practically; the loft-bedder was a farm boy up north in his early years, but has made fantastic progress in adopting to the worldly offerings, at times even surpassing the city born double-bedder) it was not their unfamiliarity with the sound that one such button as a door dell makes that froze them both. Nor have either of them ever shown any particular signs of progressing retardation. Quite to the contrary, they happen to be two of the "smart" people, better known among some circles as The Best. There would have been no reasonfor it to have been a seige of paranoia being that these two had bothsinglehandedly faced some of the worst peril

known to man when previously residing in the East Village. And as far as their shock being caused by fear of bill-collectors, - No Such Thing. Their rent had been paid up five months in advance since they moved in, and with the first of the month nearing they had stashed away another hunk of hard-earned bills to lay on the chick they subletted from, for the next few months.Being , as already mentioned, two of the smart people, they were not into any bullshit charge plans or middle-class "buy now, pay laters," and so were quite removed from any of those hassles: they could not possibly have any 250-pound bill collectors coming to visit.

No, their lack of movement (with both their mouths open, the loft-bedder having been in the middle of a cough and the double-bedder at the core of some of his best profanity) was caused by the fact that someone had pushed that button that makes the sound of a door-bell and was now standing on the other side of the door with intentions of coming in to see them! Company! With the exception of the loft-bedder's late night female visitors that he had personally escorted up, no one in their five months of living there had on their own made their way to Gramercy Park (not too many of their friends live in this exclusive vicinity) trudged up the four flights of stairs, approached their Bosch-decorated door, and rung the doorbell. The excitement for the two was overwhelming. But they quickly realized they had better not linger on this ecstasy much longer or else this unknown visitor might be discouraged by no one answering and leave. So as they both flashed upon this possible outcome, the loft-bedder from one end of the apartment and the double-bedder from the other shouted in unison - "Kist a minute."

Not a quarter of a second later, both had made his way to the door, zupping up their pants, grins on their faces and fiddling with the locks on the door to allow entry to this mystery quest. "Good Morning, Telegram for Dean Latimer and Ray Schultz. Would you sign here please."

Just as they were about to give way to this terrible let-down and perhaps clobber the Western Union messenger for building up their hopes, their enthusiasm was re-ignited by the prospect of what urgent message lay in the telegram. I mean, nobody sends telegrams unless it's urgent. They are just too damn expensive. Well, after crossing out the possibility that anyone in either of their familie's had died, (a typical telegram occasion) because it was addressed to the both of them and neither of them had ever admitted to his folks the kind of company he keeps, they immediately thought it meant money. Lottery money? No, they don't support education. Inheritance? No, because again, they are not related, and this yellow envelope clearly held something for the both of them. Meanwhile the messenger was forcing a pencil into their hands while suggesting that a nice way to find out what was in the telegram would be to open it.

"What do you think you are, some kind of wise guy" the double-bedder replied, and just as he was working himself up once more to reduce this guy to the size of the envelope he was carrying, the loft-bedder signed the register, closed the door, and being that it was a pretty good suggestion began to open the envelope. Once opened the double-bedder (who since his famed identity has finally been unmasked, we will now refer to as Ray Schultz, and the loft-bedder, Dean Latimer) read it first. The smile left his face and was replaced by a look of disbelief -"This must be a joke." With that Dean read it - "What, that dumb nip! She can't pull this." The telegram read as follows: THIS IS A NOTICE TO INFORM YOU THAT I WISH TO TAKE RE-POSSESSION OF MY APARTMENT IN 72 HOURS. STOP. PLEASE BE OUT WITH ALL YOUR BELONGINGS BY APRIL FIRST, MONDAY. STOP.

After recovering from the initial shock, they both decided she couldn't get away with this. After all, she had agreed when they moved in five months ago that they could have the apartment for a year. They hadn't been behind in their rent (five months in advance) and so there was no reason she could kick them out. Right? Wrong! There was nothing down on paper. This nip can do anything she wants (as with many like her that sublet to innocent, helpless victims such as these. Ther have even been a few Royal Screws practised by some that aren't in the epicanthal-fold family). Well, this wasn't about tostop Latimer & Schultz, now already determined to stay and let her bodily throw them out.

As a matter of fact, for that whole weekend all they did was sit around and remisce old Hiroshima and draw cartoons of dead chicks, all of whom had one thing in common, slant eyes (at moments such as these they have been known to put their violent fantasies into realities, via some of their old newspaper-distributor acquaintances, so even one such as I, being at present in their good favor, tread very delicately). But, at any rate, there were plenty of bad jokes and evil exchanges between the two while anticipating Monday morning, which came as any other morning had ever come to this now not-quite-so-secure dwelling.

The only thing different was that this time, unlike the previous Friday, they were both awake and prepared when the doorbell rang. After meeting in the kitchen and simultanously giving each other a reassured grin, they made toward the door. As they proceeded to open it with two of their worst sneers (many hours of practice before the mirror had gone into perfecting them for this occassion) fixed upon their faces, the glare of shiny silver buttons on blue nearly blinded them. Their gaze quickly shifted to the two black revolvers resting on the hips of the escorts of the fat Jap. Cops! She actually brought the cops! Of all the low down, dirty uncool, swain -type things to do! With passing rferences in her direction to Pearl Harbor, Latimer and Schultz backed into the apartment and started to breathe deeply, while the dark-haired cop, name of Flannegan, read from a very legal-looking and obioously much-to-be-respected paper- "BE AWARE THAT YOU ARE OBLIGED TO LEAVE THESE PREMISES IMMEDIATELY OC FACE CHARGES AGAINST YOU FOR CRIMINAL TRESPASS".

"What's this criminal trespassing bussiness" Ray replied while leaning against the bathtub for strength to maintain a cool disposition. "She rented the apartment to us for a year and then gives us three days' notice to clear out. How come she can get away with that?"

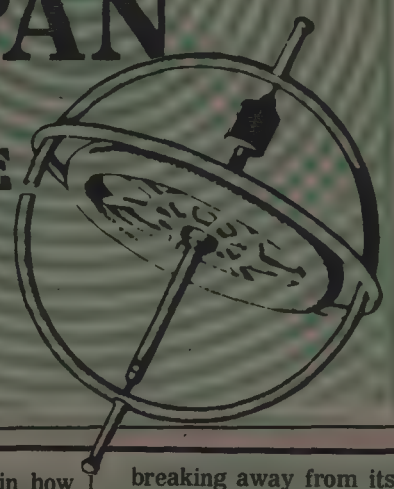
"Well, she's got the, uh, lease", the light-haired, Mulligan answered in such a way as to let Dean and Ray know he was on their side.

"When do we gotta leave?" asked Dean in his most respectful voice, feeling strongly that this Mulligan cat would intercede in their favor. "Immediately, which means now!" Flannigan gruffly uttered. Well, seeing as they weren't about to win his sympathy, Schultz decided it was time to let them know they weren't messing with two pushovers- "Hey, let me see your badge numbers". Following Latimer's mouth dropping open down to his jaw and Mulligan looking sort of disillusioned with these poor kids get-

(Continued on Page 19)

Telepathy: FLASHES in the BRAIN PAN

HASSIE
ANNELLE
EASLIC



Before I try to explain how I know that mental telepathy is a reality, it is important that we first remember for a moment what we are. Remembering what we are will help us to understand more about telepathy, will at least, help to take the superstition out of it.

Our boodies are composed of energy. Our bodies are organized energy. That is what we are. That is what everything is. Always we ask: and what is energy? And that is the greato mystery of the universe. No scientist can truly tell us. They can say what it is not, and tell us some of the thing that it can do. They tell us that it is not matter, not a thing at all, that it is just action, and inter-action. It is that terrific aliveness that makes up the atom, that can not be seen, but that is known by what it does. So the mystery begings. With our fine instruments we get pictures of "happenings", or shadows of happenings, and our minds, also energy, think there must be something back of those happenings; and we name the units of energy protons, neutrons, electrons, etcc. We call these divisions of energy particles, or waves. Our senses are geared to matter, and wer are tempted to think of these as things, yet these, the basic building blocks of all nature, are not matter.

Energy has produced its wonders, working in its own way, building a universe, a world, and life upon it. And now these people, composed of energy, are learning to manipulate energy in new ways; they are learning to take the atom apart, learning about the balance of its parts, their preference of arrangements, their terrific force. Protons, we call the units of energy in the center of the atom, hugged together in a tightness known no where else in the universe, and near these, the neutrons, which seem to be something of loafers much of the time, and outside these all tthe electrons, also held onto by the protons, but less tightly. Ah, the wild-hearted electron, ofter breaking away from its atom, like a deliquent child, getting losty, reaching out for new relationships, taking up with another electron, causing the atoms to have to move in together also, thus establishing a new community, that we cakk a nmolecule. This goes on on a tremendous scale, the atoms moving in with each other, the molecules combining to form larger communes that we call cells, and on and on, increasing the symmetry and order into the larger forms that we call matter, breathing itself further into what we call life. The point for us to remember here is that what we call matter and what we call life is made up of something that is non-material. Matter is made up of energy; what is added to the energy is form and new patterns of function. Life is function, energy functioning. We remember the terrific actions within the atom, perhaps we should say, the terrific aliveness. And we see how it has woven itself into a form and function called human, with a brain and nervous system through whick it can function in this marvelous intelligence. We see the energy looking at itself, evaluating itself. Each new step in the organization has brought variations of ability. Now why did energy arrange itself into these elaborate configurations? Was it some need within itself? Or was it the pull from outside, offering to satisfy an inner need? Why, having organized itself into a brain, must it goad that brain on to more understanding of itself, to all this solving of new mysteries? Are we now, as it seems to me, standing at the edge of vast new revelations that may lead us into undreamed of diminsions of being? We look at the known, and it points to the unknown; and that is what we wish to try to explore here. First I must bring in some personal experience.

I had been one who looked to sccience for the answers, as they could be found. I had felt contempt dfor mystics and others who claimed to have special knowledge, attributing all that to superstition of one kind or another. I had great pity, also, for the simple peoples of the earth, taken in by cults and creeds. My concepts held thar we live of after death only in the deeds we do, the words we write and say, the impressions wwer leave in the minds of others. That was good. It was enough. I liked it that way. Then quite by accident I learned recently that the thought-feelings of one person can move instantly, over great distances, and enter the thought-feelings of another person. I learned, and know, that what is called mental telepathy is a fact of life. It is the thinking that followed this discovery, the speculations that it led to, that I wissh to present here, that others may evaluate them, and perhaps extend whatever truths they hold. I only know that the telepathy is true; the other is theory.

A few years ago I came to New York, separating myself from my grownwup family for the first time. I had expected to stay only a few months, but my work here was so so quickly finished, and the months went by. I was happy here; I was very busy, and I was falling in love. Then one Saturday morning everything, my happy mood, changed,. It was about my son, just what aboout him I could not be sure at first. Only a dull unhappiness, from him to me. What else itt was about, I did not know, only his need for me. All day long I kept feeling this, his emotional need; I had my own feeling of response, of troubled sorrow that he was unhappy; but the cause of this was his feeling registering in me, saturating me, with his unhappiness.

He was not one given to allowing his feelings to be known. I could not remember his ever having said that he loved me, although, ofcourse, I knew that he did. And how well I knew it now!

I waited, with a vague uneasiness, and a few days later a letter came, in which he said, "Mother, I have been feeling that I would give anything in the world to see you. I packed my bags and went home for a visit"

Later I found that anger, as well as love, could come to me from another far away. Back in New York, I received a letter from a young married girl whom I had helped to raise. My relationship with this child had been one of the most beautiful I had ever known. There had never been one momento of anger between us, never one unkind word. She was writing to me regularly now, telling me everything. In her last letter she had said that they wanted to buy a new automobile, but that they would have to wait three months, until her husband received his "Inheritance". It was just another letter, full of this and that, and I forgot it. A week or so later, walking across the room, not thinking, of her at all, I suddenly felt a stronf surge of anger from her. It was so real, so unpleasant, and so unexpected, that I stopped in my tracks, and words came to my mind that I felt liike saying to her, "Well, if that I stopp if that is the way you want it-after all I have done for you, after my eternal kindness-". I went about thingking how strange it was that she should feel this way toward me, for no reason at all, and decided tat someone muict have said something about me to her. A short ttime later her mother wrote to me, saying that the girl had borrowed money from her to buy a new car; and slowly I understood! I had never refused this girl anything, and she had felt that she had only to mention that they wanted the car, and that I would volenteer to send her the money, and had felt a momento of childish anger at me when I had not, though I had not even thought about it.

Many people will say that it was my own feeling that I was experiencing, that it had to be my feeling, since it was happening within me. That is what I would have said, had any one told me these things a few years ago. But having known the experience, I know that such an explaination is not true. IUt was therir feeling, not mine that I was experiencing. I had my feeling about them, but this was feeling, coming into me from the outside. I had considerable training in psychology, and am aware of the illusions, hallucinations, self-hynpnosis, etcc. that the mind is capable of, but this was something different, something that was so much them that I could not be mistaken about it. I experienced exactly what they were feeling, what they were, at that moment: I was learning sometyhing very strange, something that puzzled me no end. I was learning that we radiate the energy that we generate within our bodies. Like the many other kinds of energies, light-waves, x-rays, micro-waves, gamma rays, cosmic,rays, that travel through empty space at the speed of 186,000 miler por second, the energy that we create within our bodies also travels between those who have emotional 'fields' between them, and perhaps, also between those who do not have emotional ties, but who have similar interest. I am inclined to think that thought-feelings communicate themselves between like-minded people, everywhere Anyway, I am positive that the thought-feelings of one person can be picked up by one toward whom it is directed. I, the skeptic, now know that.

Then I remembered that ther scientist have proof that the thought-feelings extend beyond the body. There is the instrument called the electroencalphograph, that, when puut ab above the head records the thought-waves on a chart. So the human body too is a sort of machine, delicate, complex, elaborate, beyond understanding, yet it generates chemestry, uses this chemestry to generate electricity of various kinds, some of it becoming mind and feeling. When one looks at the powerful

forces of attraction and repulsion that goes on between the units of energy within the tiny atom, it does not seem so strange that forces such as attraction and repulsion should pass between people, who produce so much of these. In our whimsical and superficial glance ar the atom in the beginning of this paper, we did not mention the many strange changes of particles of energy that take place there, how the smaller and more elusive ones are often the more powerful ones; we did not mention the neutrino, for instance, that can dart through miles of solid rock, just as if it were noit there. And all these can change from one kind to another-which brings us tu a stranger unknown, which I shall go into later.

But first one more experience of my own: I had a daughter of my own, a tempermental person, with whom I had often diffwred, sometimes angerily. She had seperated from her husband, and she called me one evening, in a very unhappy mood, and wanted me to come home. When I told her that I could not, she was angry for a momento, then her mood changed, and she said, "But what could you do if you were here, anyway". I said, "I could put my arms about you", and began to crty. We wept together at all the unhappiness. After a time we hung up the pone, and I started across the room for something; then it was that a very strong wave of love from her flooded in upon me, saturating my being with a tenderness, a sweetness, never known from her before. Again, it was her feeling for me that I fet, that registered in me from her. It was not my feeling for her. I had that, ofcourse; but I felt her feeling for me. This was all the love that had grown in her from infancy, reaching me now in this perfecto but puzzling communication. Seeing how great her love for me was in that moment, brought a peace that is beyond expression.

My mind began to be busy with the mystery of this new knowledge. I was somewhat bewildred and a little disturbed at having to accept these new facts. This indicated that I was not the exclusive, independent, person that I had thought. I had to see now that my thought-feelings, my true being, is part of a free-flowing interchange with all life. I had to see myself as part of a pulsating continuum of human essence, from which even death may not extyricate me. Well, that means I shall never feel alone again - and still, my independent, nice, simple, limited, existance is gone. What was the implications of all this? At this late date my mind must start thrashing through unfamiliar pathways. It was not easy. And yet I had always wanted truth, truth at any price. Truth, truth-and how can reality be found!

I cry for truth, while even the scientists admit now that they do not know what reality is, nor whether they ever can know. They know that we live in a system of sense-illusions and symbols, that the electrical particles thtthat make up the atom are not matter, tyhat the great forces that move the universe are not matter, that minds and emotions are not matter. Just energy, action, that seems to be the essence of things. Matter is simply form, the form that energy takes when it organizes itself into that particular pattern at that particular time, ever to change again, always changing.

Now a word that I dislike keeps entering my mind, a word that must try to give new meaning. The word is reincarnation, a different kind of reincarnation. In the old meaning, the totality of a person who had died was brought into linving again in ther body of an infant. That makes no sense to me, and I see no profit in just repeating a life-cycle again. The progress we see denies that, and it is illogical. Where is the wisdom of the wiss and learned man who has died, and re-entered the body of a young child? And yet there is all this thought-feeling, this energy, that we are generating and radiating all the time, this energy that has just as muich substance as the atoms of which our bodies are composed, what becomes of it all, of us? In fact, many scientists are beginning to think that the mindstuff is all there is. But we will not go into that here. What we want to remember here is that the thought-feeeling does go out beyond the body, reaches others, as it is being generate becomes part of them, of their thought-feeling. Is it not reasonable to assume then that it reaches many people, much of the time? The physicists know that no energy is ever lost, but only changes its way of being. And though the energy that we generated in the form of thought-feelinvs, enters other bodies to some extent while we are living, that is only a small part of all that we have generated within a life-time; and this energy continues re-entering life where it finds a congenial thought-process going on in the living bodies. The thought re-enters, whenever and wherever the electro-magnetic field, or something like that, appears. We, the embodied, attract to ourselves that psychic energy out there toward which we are most inclined, toward which we are trying to grow. So flows the continuous stream of being. DFo we continue in the life-stream, returning, learning, perhaps, gradually bringing back only the best of ourselves, as we learn to discard the error. Instead of returning as an infant, and having to learn all over again, we can bring into the minds of the living the learning that we have accumilated, asi they are ready for it-becoming them, better.

This is not to say that the energy generated by an indivudal in a life-time is scattered and defused, and has no existance as an entity. It must attract its own energy to itself, aven more than it attracts the minds of others to itself. It must coelese and remain a unit, with total awareness, though no longer thinking, as we know thought-which seems to require a body. There is such a thing as being aware, thop There is such a thing as being aware, though un-thinking. I shall offer what evidence I seem to have on that subject later. The fact that we can visulize the unknown only in terms of the known, makes for difficulty.

If this is beginning to sound irrational, remember the words of Sir Authar Eddington: "Any true law of nature is likely to sound irrational to rational man". Or again, the great Neils Bohr, speakingo to a group of scientists sith whom he was working: "We are agreed that the idea is crazy. The question that divides us is, is it crazy enough to be correct".

One more e perience of my own, which enables me to see wqat it is like to be aware, without thinking. I have mentioned a time when I was falling in love. We were walking in the Village oxe sumnmer evening, this man abd I we stopped in the semi-darkness. His hands s WERE ON MY ARMS: THE MAN WAS CHARMING AND GOOD+AND FOR A MOMENT I was oveewhelmes with the hopeless ness of it all; my health was failing fast, I had much work to do, and little time in which to do it. I had no time for romance-and I would never know this closeness again. A realization of my lonliness, and the pity of it, flooded me; and for a moment I was floating alone in dark outer-space, a million miles from anyone. Alone! Alone! When I spoke again the man said: "You sounded as if you were far awway". I could not explain, but I understood that for a moment I was out here, expressing my lonliness, my need for love, in a true and beautiful metaphor. An illusion? Perhaps. But, I think it was something more. Since then I have heard the phrase: Astra-body. But the word, body, is incorrect. There was no body there, only the self, conscious and aware. Though it expressed lonliness, there sas an unspeakable beauty about it all; no pull of gravity, the total lightness, the effortless floating, in harmony sith the spyeres. I was myself, there, aware, but unthinking. I believe that thinking re requires tue body's chemestry, but it seems that being, once having been created, does not. The energy that the body creates as thought and feeling is as real as the light from the sun, and, in its way, as powerful. I know that it reaches one person from anothcer person some of the time, and it does not seem reasonable to assume that it is an on-going part of tue whole universal continuum. For this is humanity, the highest form of life, and suraly the most important type of energy If it seems a little frightening to think that every thought-feeling we have ever had is still around, it should also inspire us to build more noble thoughts.

I have used the phrase, thougt-feeling, because it best expresses qhat I mean. It is the totality of what one thinks and feels. This has been called spirit, soul, personality, but this phrase includes them all, also psuche, for they are all the same, one.

Many people speak of thought-transference, but what came to me was their feeling, more than anything else, though the fealing held the thought. The thought was part of the feeling. The feeling carried its own meaning. more accurately than any words could have done. For feeling can not lie. Thought is a kind of feeling more recently evolved type of feeling. The organism could only endure so much emotion, and as life became more complex the cerebral-cortex, with its cooler intellect evolved. This more intellectual capacity for reasoning became a necessity, but, unfortunately, it also learned to lie, to its great

(Continued on Page 21)

86 A J.

The world is full spacey assholes like A. J. Weberman: vauge, undirected, oppressively normal persons wandering aimlessly through their lives until suddenly It All Comes Together for them around some particular absurdity, and they overnight become Obsessives. In Weberman's case it was hearing 'Gates of Eden' back in the fall of '66 that crystallised everything for him, and turned hin into an absolute Dylan Freak. Other spacey assholes get it all together around Mao's Red Book or Melanie's Macrobiotic Cookbook or Swami Satchidananda's Seven Steps To Yogic Wisdom or Sydney Omaar's Sun Signs, and become, respectively, wild-ass revolutionaries, prosyletisers of the legume, friends of the Atman, or marathon Astrology rappers. They are all precisely as spacey and maladapted as previously, except that now they have an Obsession, and a Cause with which they can bore you to death rapping about.

Weberman is a particularly obnoxious specimen of this class of creep. Personally he's a nice enough dude, amiable and well-meaning and possess ed even of a certain lame sense of humour. You can even carry on a fairly normal conversation with him for ten or fifteen minutes at a stretch, before something clicks in his head and he commences to relate the topic under discussion-say, the failure of the rutabaga crops in Mozambique-to his computerised interpretations of Bob Dylan's lyrics. It is Weberman's relative sanity and groundedness even in the thick of his terminal Dylan obsession that accounts for the sporadic charming passages in the otherwise monomaniac Dylan tracts that he has been publishing in this paper.

However, lately he's been diversifying, writing stuff about Bob Fass and the Weathermen and like that. This would seem to be a good sign, except that in the case of politics his rabid mouthing of radical simplisms like "sexism" and "brothers and sisters" IS GETTING TO BE JUST AS BORING AS HIS REPITITIONS OF "capitalist pig" and "junkie" in reference to Dylan.

With all this evidently in mind, Editor Jaakov Kohn two weeks ago put Weberman down by name in one of his typically opaque HiRap editorials. Lord knows what was in Jaakov's head when he did it -as usual, his prose admitted little of translation-- but surely he anticipated a response from Weberman. It came a few days later, in the form of an incredibly simpleminded excoriation of every person on the staff, by name, as sexist racist counter-revolutionary dopers. After reading it, the staff was eager to see it printed, since there are many here who pride themselves on being sexist racist counter-revolutionary dopers. Jaakov, however, nixed the thing behind everybody's back.

This was a despicable act on Jaakov's part, to pull out a page w ich had already been pas ed up and gloated over by everyone mentioned in it. Pressed for an explanation, Kohn claimed he was inauguratihg an editorial policy of eliminating incestuous inter-staff references in the copy; but since he left intact Honest Bob Singer's column, which was a response to Weberman's column wr itten much along the same lines, this excuse of Jaakov's appe, spurious. Evidently he just did not want to print the damn thing. The staff has been grumbling about Jaakov's totalitarian behaviour, threatening walkouts and sabotage, but the whole business seems to have as much substance to it as Jaakov's policy decisions. If one of them supposes he can replace Jaakov in his office as editor, he's welcome to try-the trouble is, nobody seems to ve on a power trip equivalent to Jaakov's.

Now, Weberman agreed to rewrite his critique of EVO, grounding it in fact rather than manic name-calling, and his revision was to be printed this week. However, he kept us waiting for it a half hour beyond the typesetter deadline, supposing evidently that we wouldn't have time to edit it; and at the beginning of his piece he had written, PLEASE RUN UNDER UNEDITED VERSION OF LAST WEEK'S CRITIQUE OF EVO; then, at the end; he reiterated, I DEMAND THAT THE PART OF MY LAST WEEKS CRITIQUE BE CUT OUT BY THE "ART" DEPT. BE PUT IN!!! (This is precisely his wording)

But we are not going to run his original critique, being that he himself promise to re-write it, not merely add a footnote of hysterical calumny against Jaakov to amplify it. Everything he mentioned in his or iginal piece is repeated in this foornote, there was nothing in it any more pertinent than the horse-shit you see here. Nobody gives a shit how EVO's run, and we are not going to waste space explaining it. Jaakov may indeed be on a power trip, but this is one of the least infuriating things about him. Weberman himself is not entirely devoid of self -serving ambition.

This is the last you will see of this uproar in this paper. Weberman has a perfect right to reply to Jaakov's putdown of him, and here it is, in terms no less irrelevant and opaque than Jaakov's original numblings. There will be no more charges, no more countercharges, and everything will be lovely from here on out.

Incidentally, as a special treat for EVO fans, we are printing weberman's screed just as it was turned in, without the customary unction of proofreading.

D. A. Latimer

The Swain Song of A.J Weberman

the above critique of Jakov Kohn and his cronies was supoosed to go into last weeks EVO. When I submitted the piece there were a number of objections-by my fellow staff members (like they didnt want me printing EVO's true circulation figures nor did they want me calling Jakov a racist) I agreed to make certain deletions and a vote was taken as to weather or not the piece should go in. I won 7-5 (like most of the people who voted against the piece were those who were critized in it - eg the art dept) So I split, happ to know that there was free sppech at EVO Then at a staff meeting on Monday jakov announced that the had decided to pll the piece despite the feeling of the staff cause it was too negative. So it seemed like that mother could critize me (he had done so in one of his HiRap editorials which give one no new insights into anything & take up a whole page including that invaluable signature) but I couldnt answer him. But now he'd pissed-off the staff. They got together and agreed to walk out in masse until Jakov let me say what I wanted to say. But then Kohn started to make concessions-collective meetings to decide the cover, headlines etc. reformist bullshit. The staff promtly forgot about Kohn's totalitarian attude toward me I DEMAND MY CENSORED ARTICLE BE PUBLISHED IN FULL ALONG WITH THIS EDITION. Jakov Kohn is a talentless, do-nothing an energy ripoff old man who should be promptly kicked out on his ass. What has he contributed to the underground? What are his qualifications to edit EVO. Aside fron my dislike for his intellectual corruption I find the guy personally repugnet. Send the fucker back upstate where he lives without a phone so he wont be bugged.... he's a cynical old man who runs the paper to satisy his ego... and he's run into the ground. The last demonstration he went to was Chicago 1968. He was responsible for my being barred from EVO for 2 years-but after Alex Bennett had me on his show & people started to get interested in my stuff Jakov jumped on the band wagon and started to publish me again-showing himself up to be an opportunist. All you ever hear from him is JEW JEW JEW... that's how he relates.... that's cool... but I relate as a FREEK. The guy has no idea what people are interested in cause he is totally out of touch. FREE THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER. POWER TO THE PEOPLE NOT THE STOCKHOLDERS..

INSANITY COMPOUNDED:

A Letter From The Weberman Liberation Front

dear evo

A.J. Webberman is a fraud! He's made thousands of dollars selling bootlegged copies of Bob Dylan's Book, "Tarantula" and also is behind the bootlegging of "Great White Wonder" "Stealin'" " Get Back" and "Wooden Nickel"..... A.J. lives cheaply on the Bowery, has few expenses and banks hundreds of dollars per day! Per day! He has been masquerading for years as self-proclaimed messiah of rock!

A.J. Webberman is a pimp and he can't be trusted! How do we know? Simple, we know the teller at his bank, a shapely blond from Bedford-Styversant. "He's a pimply little fool" she told us over a cup of coffee, "He comes in with his money bags full of change, mostly quarters and dimes, usually after he's been up all nite selling bootlegged records and books, makes a big deposit and walks out with a smirk. I can't stand the rich punk!" Leaving personalities aside, A.J. is a filthy capitalist!!!

He feeds on the fear of other people getting ripped off while he, in turn, "Rips them off" and they know not from whence it came....

(Continued on Page 19)

Dear EVO:

Dear EVO

Your nation is controlled by conspirators. they chose to enforce only selective laws for or against selective persons. They control you. You doi not care to expose their schemes for total mind control. You are as guilty as they are. Be forewarned: I will destroy you. This is only a prelude. You have only two choices: By your silence you can be as guilty as the conspirators against you, or you can join with me and aid me in the fight against the conspiracy. The first blow was struck today:

Through one of my infiltrators within the NYC Transit Authority I have managed to purchase one of the "A" trains. This was several weeks ago, and until today it has not been public knowledge. The train was stored in a secret area somewhere within the city. Tonight it is back in the same location. I will not tell you where. It is up to you to find out. The conspirators do not know where it is either. And they have not, and will not, tell you what has happened.

I have blueprints of a secret railroad system under the city. I have stolen them out from under the very noses of the conspiators themselves. This secret railroad system is to be used by the conspirators in their plan for total control. This morning I moved the A train that I had bought along their secret tracks to the 207 Street station. The motorman and the conductor were agents of mine. Seemingly, it was a very ordinary A train - but with this ofe difference: The entire inside of it was covered with a powerful epoxy solution. This solution I covered the train with as it was stored at the secret location. At about 8:00 this morning the train moved out of 207 Street, already having quite a number of passengers. Little did they know, at the time, that they were all stuck fast to the seats. Tonight they know. The train moved steadily downtown, picking up passengers but discharging none. Everyone was stuck to the seats, or the floor, or the hangers. I believe that many of these people are already dead. At this moment they are struggling to free themselves from the train. Some are too exhauszed to try any more. Some are dead. The rest of them, too, will soon be dead. They have, and they will, die sufferingly, agonizingly, frighteningly. Indeed it was quite a spectacle. I met the train at the 34 Street station and watched everybody trying to gety off to go to work. But they couldn't budge. The panic and horror in their eyes was wonderful! People pulling frantically to free their hands from the hangers and their feet from the floor. People trying in vain, like infants, to stand up. But they couldn't. They must now be suffering miserably; that is, those who are still alive. Earlier this evening I went to the place where the train is now stored and stood outside looking in the windowsplaughing at them. The pain on their faces made me laugh even harder.

I will not tell you my next move. The first blow against the conspirators has been struck and won. They will not admit a defeat; but I will admit a victory. I will keep you informed of my deeds. for your own good. Join with me or perish. And beware: Don't go to the Empire State Building.

Signed,
The Grizzle

Dear EVO:

PRESENTLY WITHIN THE MIDST OF COUNTER-INSURGENCY

"Mao's anology of the guerilla, swimming like a fish in the sea of the population, is so often repeated because it contains an essential truth; it expresses accurately as well as pictures- ly the fundamental princial of guerilla war. Carry the anology a step forward and ask what happens when the fish is removed- or removes himself krom the water. The answer explains bztter than a treatise, the reason for the failure of a few guerilla movements that have been successfully suppresssed.

The Huk movement, which like so many others had its origin in the Second World War, offers more instruction to the counter-insurgency strategists than do others, becuse it exemplifies the successful use of political and social rather than military weapons against the guerillas.

Credit for the success of the Phillipine pacification campaign seems to go largely to a single intelligent politician, the late President Ramon Magsaysay, who became secretary of National Defense in 1950, at a time when the Huks appeared almost on the point of invading Manila itself.

The Huks had come into being as a patriotic force-nationalist gujriplas opposing a foreign invador. But revolutionary motivations are complex. The Huks had been fighting for something us well as against something. They demanded a political voice and a share of the land for which they fought.

Magsaysay's first step was to reorganize the army and put and end to military terrorism. Pressure against the Huks (guerillas) was increased by sending out small armed units, functioning more like constabulary than troops, to hunt down the guerillas piecemeal(Rexember Robert Webb-murdered March 8, 1971), while devoting most of their time to social work - setting qp medical stations, building school houses, repairing roads and bridges, helping the peasants to get their rice to market. (The busing program of the revisionist clique of th-b.P.P.)

His second step - and the first would have been useless without itwas to obgain egislation that made it possible to offer the Huks what they had been fighting for, on the condition that they down their arms. (Negotiations with the Black caputalists. By the way, are there any pictures of guns in the Black Panther Paper now?) An amnesty was proclaimed and the communist slogan "Land for the Landless" (familiar to "Survival Pending Revolution"(, WAS SUBVERTED BY AN AGRARIAN REFORM AND RESETTLEMENT PROGRAMME UNDER WHICH ANY GUERILLA (or future guerillas) who surrendered was given a plot of his own.

Clever briery worked where other inducements did not. Substantial bounties were paid for weapons. Rewards were put on the heads of Huk leaders, and subsequent betrayals distrupted the direction of the guerilla campaign, cutting the roving bands off from their urban base in Manila.

Unwillingly or psychologically unable to take theinitiative, the Huk guerillas failed to seize and hold the popular imagination and so to create the broad mass unrest needed to topple the govjrnment or to build a revolutionary army capable of confronting and defeating whe government army.

Magsaysay's reforms came in time to blunt the edge of popular greivances and to broaden the political base of the regime while narrowing that of the Huk movement to the point where it was virtually eliminated as a revolutionary force." Excerpts from War of the Flea by Robert Taber.

In Huey's analogy of Black capitalism he stated that, "By increasing the positive qualities of the Black capitalsst, we may be able to bring about a non-antagonistic solution of his contradiction with the community,´while at the same time heightening the oppressed commknity's contradiction with the large capitalist empire. This will intensify the antagonistic contradiction between the oppressed community and the empire; and by heihtening that contradiction, there will subsequently be a violent transformation of the corporate empire."

A violent transformation. This can only mean still within the capitalistic system. A revolution means a complete change. No more capitalism. There hasn't been an armed struggle yet. A shoe factory existent still having to get the material for the shoes from the capitalist? How can the storm be passing ovre when the means of production are still in the capitalists hands? It hasnn't begun yet!

Who's to say that the same thing won't happen over again and that the people who have replaced the white capitalist won't do the same thing over again? The only way to insure that iy doesn't is to destroy capitalism thoroughly, through a revolutionary armed struggle. Once you submit to Black capitalism remember you'll still have to deal with the poor whites, poor chicanos, poor Indians, etc. and the true revolutionaries. They'll throw a revolution on you!

As true revolutionaries we will not submit to these counter-insurgency tactics. We will not let these revisionist lackeys fullfill their plan to passify the people with "Survival Programs Pending Revolution." But we need support of the people. The masses of the people must not be duped and should question and examine any and everything that may be presented to them. Only then will the people be able to truly determcne what is true and what is false. The only true way to overthrow capitalism is through armed struggle. This has been proven throughout history and there is no difference here in the U.S. These "Survival Programs" are a form of counter-insurgency to relax the people and to get the people to put down their guns and to isolate them from truw revolutionary tactics.- armed guerilla warfare.

People unite and destroy that abstract phenomena and organize to righteously deal with the oppressor and ALL of his lackeys. The time is NOW!

THE POWER BELONGS IN THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE!

THE ONLY WAY TO GET IT IS TO TAKE IT!!

ZION

(Continued from Page 3)

included names of people who were security risks, for example, if I broke the source of that story II'd be a hero in the liberal left community. Because they don't like that guy. They want different rules for different things. And I say that's impossible, that will destroy journalism.

EVO: How much agonizing do you think went on at The Times about whether to print the story Ellsberg gave them?

ZION: A lot. I'm told on very good authority that publisher Punch Sulzburger did not want to print it. Remember The Times doesn't usually fight the government and remember a couple of other thing-Abe Rosenthal's always been a hawk, Jimmy Greenfield who's the foreign editor, was the State Dept. flack during the period covered in the Pentagon Report. He was puttin out the lies, you know. And now he's the Foreign Editor, so they weren't so happy about all this. But there was no choice. They had to publish the report. Cause Ellsberg-and I'm sure there were other guis involved, some sort of a committee of guys getting this stuff all around the country they would ve given it to some other paper if the Times didn't print it. On top of that, I don't believe Neil Sheehan would've stayed on at the Times if that story had been suppressed. He would've quit as a matter of conscience. So nos only would the story intself have come out but also the story of The Times suppressing it and they would have been disgraced in journalism and around the world.

EVO: Have you talked to Neil Sheehan in the past few days?

ZION: No, No. I'm sure that he's upset with me. I mean, I haven't heard but I just know he must be because he probably thinks... See, they were giving him credit for investagative reporting. He's a good reporter, Neil, but he did not get this by investagative reporting, I'm sorry to say. Somebody handed it to him which is fine 'cause they trusted him and that's a good way to get a story and I think he should get every prize in the world but when they put forth to the world that this is the result of investagative reporting... I mean the way I found out Ellsberrg's name was investagative reporting This was just a handout.

EVO: In the August 1970 issue of Scanlon's you published what purported to be a secret memo from Agnew's office dealing with the or orginization of har hat demonstrations and with a Rand Corp. feasibility study on the suspension of the Bill of Rights. You were quoted then in The Times -after having creating a lot off unhappiness at the White House and in yhe Justice Dept.— that you wouldn't reveal your source. Can you reveal it now?

ZION: No. There's no statute of limitations on revealing sources.

EVO: Was it Ellsberg, who was working at Rand around that time?

ZION: It wasn't Ellsberg. I never met him. See, people think this is somehow contradictory, but if Ellsberg was a friend of mine I wouldn't have broken the story simply because I have this street ethic about my friends and I wouldn't turn them in for even murder so that's the only reason I wouldn't run a story like this– and I never met Ellsberg, thankfully. That doesn't necessarily square with pure journalism but I believe in it.

EVO: What effect will the entire Ellsberg Pentagon Papers episode have on the war, and on the conduct of journalists?

ZION: I would hope that it'll help us get out of the war but it's hard to have much hope anymore, the way they are. Nixon doesn't give a god damn about anything or anybody. B But I'm hoping... As for journalists, this shoqld teach 'em an enormous lesson. It should teach them not to regard the guys who run the government asi gentlemen. But I doubt that it will-they'll still want to have lunch with an assistant secretary and go to a party with the assistant secretary's date and all that. They're too corruptible, you know. It should but it wont do what it should do. I mean justo seeing the outrage that they hit me with shows you that they're not really reporters. Once you start thinking that reporting should be done fdor another purpose than

(Continued on Page 18)

...And so the sun, like a great steaming meatball, descends down the far end of Eighth Street. But the heat lingers on, even as t e lights go out in the empty House of D, and the frisbee-addicts chase their plastic discs in the dusky park. The heat lingers around the corner of MacDougal and West Third, in the neon glow of Pizza SMack Time, where cops fidget in twos and fours, junkies convekse in low tvnes, and tourists pass in comfortable shoes. A herd of ten-foot tall tarantulas move slowly down Macdougal, past Dylan's dark town house. Nobody pays any attention to them. It's been going on for years. Every Summer.

I mosey on down to Folk City on the far end of West Third, which has been picking up lately (The Quinames Band, Buzzs Linhart,) and now the HOLY MODAL ROUNDERS are playing. I like the Rounders because they do the usic they've been doing for years, do it well, and don't give a shit for what anybody thinks of them. They got a lot of spirit and have a good time no matter what, just getting off on their own sounds, which is country. And you could listen to radio stations from Nashville to Oklahoma City and not hear anything as country as the Rounders.

But what a great day lash week for the freebies when there were two simultaneous press parties going on at the Bitter End and the Gaslight 2. I forget who the parties were for, but the food wus more than plentiful and I can't forget good ol' Charlie Frick running out the door of the Gaslight, yelling "I'll be right back, I'm going across the street to get some cole slaw!" disappearing into the Bitter End. Later that night, another party, getting drunk at the expense of SCREW's Buckley Goldstein, at Barney Google's way uptown, and throwing chicken wings at the swinging singles dancing on the floor.

Out in front of the building, Park Avenue South , where Olympia Press has its offices, Frank Newman (author of BARBARA and his whole family were picketing all last week. Seems Maurice Girodias, Pioneer of Porn, has ripped Newman off for several thousands in unpaid royalties, and won't let Newman's accountants examine the books. Other writers have endorsed NewmanS FIGHT, FORMING The Dirty Writers of America (DWA), including such as Ann Fettamen (TRASHING), Paul Krasner (REALIST), Diane Di Prima (MEMOIRS OF A BEATNIK), and Joel Oppenheimer (honorary). A press conference was helf last Thursday morning at Max's Kansas City, where cheesecake was served and "juicy anecdotes of Girodias' sordid financial life, Profiteer of the Orgasm," were revealed. In his statement, Newman, a former professor of classics, declared, „We call on the masturbating public to help us in our hour of need. We gave you a hard-on, now we're hard-up."

Wandering back to the Gaslight to carch DICK GREGORY's opening night. His show is solidly vrofessional and very funny. The house is full and immediately pulled into Gregory's fast sstyle. He's up there alone with a stool, a mike, and a single red spotlight. He picks up his glass of water and shoots out his raps on Nixon, the FBI, China, young voters, reefer, and everything else, jiving away in nigger-talk so sharp it cuts. New York once again is graced by a tradition which has fallen into disuse: the social prickings of the really good stand-up comedian.

Speaking of comedians, I went to see LENNY up on Broadway. It's a great production, with terrific sets and all kinds of visual delights and trips. But my brother Ken, who is sixteen and very sage, said it all when he pointed out, „Awww, they're just making money off a dead guy, besides, all those people out there clapping in the audience, man, they're the ones that killed him." Meaning Lenny Bruce, of course. And that's true. Too goddam true. Fuck all you shitfaced bastards who pat each other on the back for being so "liberal" sitting out there paying faddish attention and fashionable money to Broadway sharpies giving you the disembodied words of a man who died when you fuckers didn't care. You're the kind that'll sit back in siles when the war in Nam is over, thinking the battle is over and won. But just because you live in Scarsdale or the Upper West Dside and can afford a ticket to a Broadway play and you're for peace, don't think you're so damn holy. We got your number, Lenny and us.

Night burning on relentlessly without a breeze of relief, a little drunk, feeling pissed off, I think I'll go to sleep. Good night.

LSD RESCUE SERVICE

Tyus is your column! It will consist of questions, comments, etc., from and of general interest to the People's Commnity.

A summary of our services:
DRUG RESCUE AND CRISIS SERVICE
A SAMARITAN SERVICE THAT MEANS IT,ksfree$

I. HELPS THOSE
A. WHO SAY THEY HAVE A PROBLEM. EITHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC; AND THEY WANT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

FOR EXAMPLE, 1. Djkv reactions
2. LONELINESS
3. CRITICAL LACK OF FOOD OR SHELTER
4. LOSS OF CONTROLS (EMOTIONAL)
5. LACK OF INFORMATION
a. DRUGS
b. JOBS
c. BEHAVIOR

B. WHO HAVE NOWHERE LSD GO
1. SELF-CONFRONTATION
2. SELF-REALIZATION

II. WORKS BECAUSE
A. THE PERSON DEFINES HIS PROBLEM
B. IT ALLOWS FREE EXPRESSION THRU PERSONAL & NON-JUDGEMENTAL COMMUNICATION
1. TELEPHONE THERAPY
2. ENCOUNTER GROUPS
3. 1-1 NON-DIRECTIVE COUNSELING
C. THE PERSON STATES HIS PREFERRED LEVEL OF PERFORMANCE
D. THERAPY PLANS INCLUDE THE WHOLE INDIVIDUAL
E. CHEMOTHERAPY IS BASED ON LSATING REMEDIAL EFFECTS
F. ACHEIVEMENT & ALTERNATIVE CONSCIOUSNESS REPLACE THE DRUG "HIGH"
G. IT IS FINANCED BY STAFF MEMBERS WHO WORK IN SOCIETY AND TURN OVER FOUR-FIFTHS OF THEIR WAGES. AND BY CONTRIutions.
H. IT IS RUN BY BOTH STAFFF MEMBERS AND VOLUNTEERS WHO ARE TRAINED BY THE STAFF XXMBERS.

L.S.D. Rescue is a 24 hour hot-line and walk-in crisis service. We yqlp Anyone, Anytime,as long as it hurts no other in person or property. L.S.D. Rescue, New York is apart of Naturalism, Inc. which also runs L.S.D. Rescue Services in Toronto, Chicago, Los Angeles, and

Washington, D.C. The Chicago L.S.D. Rescue has been in vperation since 1965. Naturalism, Inc. has helped over 10,000 people since its inception.

Our address is 180 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, New York, 11217. There's an infinity sign with a circle in the center right next to our door, if your coming by for hlp, or to help, the phone number again is. 596-0900.

next week
DOES LS.S.D. CAUSE CHROMOSOMAL DAMAGE?
WHAT CAN BE USED TO ABORT A TRIP?

Yours, In The Spirit of Nature,
Sister Sunshine

BLACK MESA

(Continued from Page 5)

Women in the Southwest, on the Apache reservarion, laid down in front of carloads of government trucks and would not move until they got their rations from the Commodity foods program. And so you know that ther Indians have always been activists It's not a matter of reawakening; it's a matter of the public awakening to the Indians.

I think that our struggle can't be related to that of the Blacks or the Asian-Americans, because were natives. That's the bid difference. You know we were here, and we still are, and according to our prophecies and the way we fight we will be here in the future. And because its our nation we figth that much farther and in different ways. To destroy or burn down certainly isn't going to help us. It destroys the very thing we're trying to protect. But if we can use the white man, his weakness, use it against him, then we'll come a lot better... as long as we don't succumb to his weakness and become like him and try to outwit him in battles. We may file a lot of law suits which we do merely to get the sympathies of certain people in key positions and gest them to pull the right cords and pretty soon the things start adding up, like the recent University established outside of Davis,. California.

GT: TELL ME ABOUT THAT

MF: That's a new Indian university. It's half INDIAN AND HALF Chicano. It's a brand new site and it's opening its first classes this summer. We just received that property.

GT: HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

MF: There were some 649 acres that supposedly the County was going to give up the property for educational purposes and so they put it out on the marker thr thru HEW and said, we'll take applications from everybody. So what we didn't know...we had an organization at the time called Tecumseh Council at the U of Cal. We submitted our proposal of our university of how we'd like to use the land. What we didn't know was that the land was already politically established. Where it was going to go was to the U of Cal at Davis, But what happened was that Senator Murphey... I guess he was trying to get a little backing for his upcoming election.... decided to award the lanad before the deadline for the applications., And when we found that out, we saw the full chicanery or the situation. So, we occupied the property on November 3, the morning of election day. We held it until the U of Cal went thru the applications for the property. Thhey had so much publicity about ib by that time that HEW had no choice but to award it do us.

We have farming co-ops and we have store co-ops and we have pinion co-ops so everything is a matter of cvommunity development, because that's where the white man has kind of got off to a bad start, because he emphasized individual orientations.... too much individual rights and the individual property that the individuals become separated from the things around them... from other people and from groups. The Navajo thing is justo different, it's group identity, group cohesion, of working things together as a group and that within that group you cau express your ideas and you get group support so that your identity becomes stronger.

MC: I'm a Navajo Indian who owns a Grayson Permit and has permit use in the area of the Manulito Canyon. This land contain 959 acres. Tucson Gas and Electricx Company and their agents have asked me so sign a blank consent form that gives up all my rights to the land thru this document so that they could run huge high power lines from a new plant that they're building near Farmington, N. M. called the Waterflow Plant.

The first contact we had with this man was when he contacted my mother and told her that they were going to run some copper wire that would bring electrity and we would get pais for it. My mother understood him to mean electric light, the type you use in homes, and so she was mislead. This man interpreted to her supposedly the contents of the agreement, and so fourth, and wanted to find me.... of course I'm a Bureau of Indian Affairs employee (BIA) and I was on the job...'Wasn't there.

The next weekend I went home to Manuli Canyon and the sama man came and my mother said "Oh there's that man that's going to bring us electricity and pay us for it. Go and sign those papers". And I said "what electricity, what are you talking about?" When I went our and approached this vehicle tue man told me to get in because it was raining just a little bit, and said "here, sign this" "What". I said. "Let me look at that. I never sign anything before I rea it". And so I read it and I didn't like the contents.

The statement not only included 959 acres but it says "and other lands". And I told him, I asked him a number of questions relating to this line and then foundo out that it was these high power lines. And so I said, well I'll have to find out.... he couldn't answer all my questions, so I said I'd have to find put mopre about it and consider it before I make my decision. So I took the document and started an investigation on my own. It finally ended up that I needed the assistance of an attorney. So I contacted Mr. Steve Harvey who is nos helping me on the case and the told me "that's for electricity' they're going to run electricity through your land. And I asked him, of course, Are wwe going to get some of it? he said, "Well I don't know. You might if you build your own transformer, or something to that effect, or buy your own transformer"

Well then I went back and thru investigating found that this was not possible whatsoever, and I contacted Mr. Pitman who is the head of the field services that was hired by Tucson Gas and Electric and he gave me more factos and on the basis of that I told him iI had decided not to sign it.

They bothered ne a great deak abd I wrote them a letter and sent them the forms after they contacted me numerous times, at least a dozen times. They hounded me at my office, they hounded me at my home, they called me on the telephone- they just wanted me to sign this document so badly. And then they finally said that I didn't have to sign it

(Continued on Page 21)

UN COVER THE EARTH.

A NEW RARE EARTH ALBUM. the best of all possible worlds.

ZION

(Continued from Page 15)

reporting, then you also protect the president when you get to like him and that's what happens with the White House press corps-most of 'em, with the exception of Stuart Loory,. are just scriveners, court stenographers, they're not reporters and they got into him, they love 'em, they want to do books about him and that kind of philosophy is exactly the same as the philosophy that says, on the other side, don't use things that might hurt friends. It's ideological reporting. I don't believe in it. It's called the new journalism but it's not new at all, it's the oldest thing in the world.

EVO: After the bug hit you, in the Times City room, how long did it take to come up with Ellsberg as the source?

ZION: I was there 5 o'clock that afternoon, Tuesday, after the Times began publishing the documents on Sunday. Then I went on the Cavett show and when that was over around 11.30 I started asking around. By noon the next day I had it. That's what a tough story it was to break. I made some calls, you know, bing, bing and I had it. It wasn't easy. I had to use some investagative reporting.

EVO: Had you prior inkling that this story was in the works at the Times?

ZION: I knew they were working on something like this but I didn't know exactly. I kept hearing little things like Neil Sheehan's at the Hotel Hilton and there's a big secjet thing goin' on, about Vietnam. I was too busy with other things. I didn't get interested but if I did get interested I would have broken that, come to think of it, I surely would've. If I was interested enough like I was almost monomaniacal about breaking the Ellsberg story, if I had felt the same way, why I would have found thay one out and I would have broken it but it wouldn't have been quite as good a story-to say The New York Times is gonna print Viegnam archives.

EVO: At a press conference following your disclosure of Ellsberg as the Times source you said it was an ego trip...

ZION: No. The papers said that. I said that it started as a lark only because I had no idea when I first started to go to get it that I was gonna use it anywhere else, except that I thought I'd come back and tell every body at the Times. To that extent it was an ego thing. I just wanted to know for myself and I didn't want anybody to think that I couldn't get what Abe knew. That was ego, obviously. Then once I got it, man, it was a different question. Then I was a reporter with a great story and my only question was where to break it then it was a very serious thing I hada to do, not just ego, and I had to worry about it alot 'cause if I was wrong I was dead. I had to be positive about my sources and know for sure that the FBI was after him or knew about him ar least so that there was no doubt that it was the right guy 'cause I was taking the big rap if I was wrong I was finished. So I wasn't kidding about that There was bo lark then. I was sweatin' plenty. The Post pulled that think about the ego trip out of context simply 'cause I was dumb enough to try to be honest about it and say that my original motivos had to get everybody mad. I'm not trying to be arrogant but it would be dishonest for any reporter to suggest that he doesn't do these things out of ego, too. I mean once you put the piece of paper in the typewriter, there's ego right there staring you in the face. What are you doing it for? You could be earning an honest living.

EVO: There was a lot of ego involved in the Times' decision...

ZION: Right. W What did they do it for? They're so proud of themselves now. And people are saying theyre so courageous. What courageous! They had this big story. I think of the alternative. What kind of bums would they be if they didn't do it. There was no courage involved in doinv this. Nobody's going to put the New York Times in jail. It's a joke.

EVO: ..How do you think the government'ss case against the Times, Globe, Washington Post, etc, will be resolved in the courts?

ZION: In favor of publication. There's a certain logic to history and this story is so out now how could they really stop it. I'm xnot even so sure the Supreme Court will want to hear the case. They might have to but they wont be too happy to hear it. A guy like Burgher's tendency probably would be to do whatever Nixon wanted but I don't think he will 'cause Burghers nos teally reactionary in this area. Where he's a real reactionary is in the criminal law. Hesnot so bad on stuff like free speech. Not all bad and Whizzer Whiite, ho'd be for the government, might have to recuse himself 'cause he was in the government at that very moment. Douglas is on vacation but I'm sure he'd fly back to vote. Black would be good on this one 'cause it's free speech. They might win without any dissents because it's insane what the government wants. It all depends on which case ge gets up there first. And what a disg aceful exhibition circuit court of apperals in New York pulled yesterday, sending the Times case back for these excruciating hearings for the next two weeks. It's just a disgrace. And ironically it was Judge Friendly who led the march on the Times on this after the Times had killed my story on Judge Friendly a few years ago and lookit how he thanked them, by screwing them.

EVO: Could you go into some detail on the Friendy story.

ZION: I had a big story on Henry Friendly when he was mentioned as a number one candidate for a Supreme Court vacancy. Major conflict of interest case that I worked on for three months and Scotty Reston decided to kill it and they killed it not because it wasn't absolutely right clear, and an amazing story but becayuse they didn't want to hurt Judge Friendly And they told the White House about it so that the deal was don't appolint him, we wont print it. So now he's chief judge of the circuit and they go up to him now and he gives it to 'em...ha. I mean he is a bad man. I would have preferred Carswell over him for that Supreme Court seat. Wich everybody will think is an irresposible statement cause Friendly is considered the creme de la creme of the judiciary and all that. Creme de la creme, my ass.

EVO: The press generally, including many of your former friends, now look at you as a stool-pigeon. How do you feel about this reaction?
ZION: What I had there was a big story. I don't know why this becomes a criminal act. It was an enormous story 'cause the Times story itself was pribably the biggest one since World War Two And I was able to move in and on who the source was. I would make no apologies about that under no conditions but there were some conditions that did prevail, as long as people make that relevant. And thet the FBI knew about the guy and know about him know.. The fact that they have not arrested him is for other reasons. And other newspapers knew about him.--Washington Post, St. Louis Post Dispath. And the St. Louis Post Dispatch, by the way, printed the Ellsberg story at the time I broke the story--only the paper got on the stands a few hours later. They had it themselves. Now, nobody has said that the guy who wrote the story for the Post Dispatch is some kind of immoral bastard which is what they are calling me. So the really seems to have upset so manypress people more than anything else is the fact that I wasn't working for the paper, or CBS, that I did it from the outside and that's not alright. Now think about what that means: number one, they are saying that I have no Eichmann defense and Eichmann defenses are what they understand, I don't know why, but "well, you are ordered to do it, you gotta do it". I don't have that defense consciously they wouln't tell you that's what they're looking for but they would quite understand "well, you are looking for a living, you gotta do it" BUT WHAT DID I do it for--forn the outside?. Also there's a resentment cause you're not institutionalized "What are you doing coming in here?" It embarrasses all of journalism to have a guy floating on the outside coming up with this big story that everybody else is looking for. But, see, they think that you need to have a newspaper to be a reporter and I think --you need to have nothing, not even a pencil.

EVO: Following your Ellsberg disclosure, Pete Hamill wrote in his New York journalist, that you were not only a fink but too high liver to be a good jounalist,

EVO: Following your Ellsberg disclosure, Pete Hamill wrote in his New York Post that you had drunk Scanlon's magazine under the table at Sardi's and Elaine's, and that you were not only a fink, but that you had a too high liver to be a good jounalist.

ZION: What can your answer be to charges like that. I mean we couln't run the magazine for almost five months due to the interference of the printer's union and the government. we were up in Canada where we were seized at the border, sirens blaring, cops screechin up, grabbing the issue at the last minute.

EVO: This was the issue on guerrilla warfare in the U.S.?

ZION: Right, and the chief of police of Montreal got on CBC radio and said that the American Government had asked that the magazine be seized. All of this was known to Pete Hamill and he refused always to write it, apparently because of this old grudge he had for against me for writing a minor thing about him being friends with Elia Kazin, who had given names during the McCarthy period. He mentions it in the column. I was always dissapoineed that Hamill of all guys wouln't come to our defense at Scanlon's when we were getting censored and ruined and pushed out of the country and then finally destroyed by the government. I have some overriding loyalty to a guy i never met and to an issue beyond journalism--in the reporting of the Ellsberg case. But he had noloyalty whatever to the ideal of free speech when it involved Scanlo's. And there he was no different from the U.S. press. We were ignored to death.

EVO: Could you go into some detail on the demise of Scanlon's?.

ZION: I still say we'd be in business today if it hadn't been for that seizure in Canada. And the guerilla issue was just an excuse. The issue that really upset the goverment was the previous one in which I wrote an editorial exposing the fact that about a dozen of the hard-hat leaders who came to the White House after their guys beat up the kids on Wall St.--had long criminal records. IAnd we had chutzpah to put that in the Timestoo, two full-page ads and that what really killed us. By the way, the Canadian papers and television were great, they really pounded on the government. They ran a prime time showwith co-publisher Hinkle, and I on it. The Montreal Star ran a long, tough lead editorial. And contrat this with the extraordinary terrible coverage by the American press. The New York Times grundgingly only gave us a couple of small stories about the hasseles with the primters and then later when we got seized that night in Canada the Times gaves us a D-head, which is about a hundred word story--on the entertainment page. And now they are so moralistic about their freedom of speech aspects. But, then, they were looking to burn me by ignoring me. They did that throughout our story. I think they resented the fact that I left there to start my own magazine. Talk about ego tripping! There was a lot of jealously toward me from a lot of people-simply because I was violating club rules: you're not supposed to leave the Times unless you have a job in the government. Ha, which a lot of these guys aspire to and which is what's wrong with a lot of Americans jounalism generally.

WEBERMANIAC

(Continued from Page 14)

Oh A:J. you sneeky liddle so 'n so!!!!!

A.J. is on a free tirp! He gets everything free! He does no work and likes it that way. He gets free phone, free hot water and heat, free rent and free food... sound like a good deal? He also gets free transportation, free medical treatment, free entertainment (movbies, magazines, tape recorders etc.) free records, free clothes and free vacations to other cities.... He is on a free trip, saves all his money and has got plenty of it.... How does he do it???

He is a paid police informer! That's how he d does it ! Masquerading behind this phoney rock critic is a ghoul and a stool piggeon! Way bakc inthe mid-sixties, he was singled out by the CIA in Ann Arbor, Michigan for what would be a "crackdown on all revolutionary activity" in the East. Webberman was sent to trainning school in Cleveland, Ohio where he was drilled in revolutionary behavior, givben courses in underground speech and introduced to rock music. In the late sixties, he was sent to New York City in the role of a "Hippy" and his first assignment was to bust Bob Dylan. By cleverly relating Dylan's lyrics to drugs and politics, he had hoped to trick Dylan into either giving himself up to the law or going mad. The move failed and Webberman was pulled off this assignment and put on Jim Morrisson. Wether Webberman had anything to do with Morrisson's actual bust is still being debated. There are those that say the Webberman conceived of the whole thing.... However, he was re-assigned to Dylan again and in early '71, planted dope in the Singer's Garbage can.....The writing is on the wall. Webberman is a cop! A pig facsist racist cop!

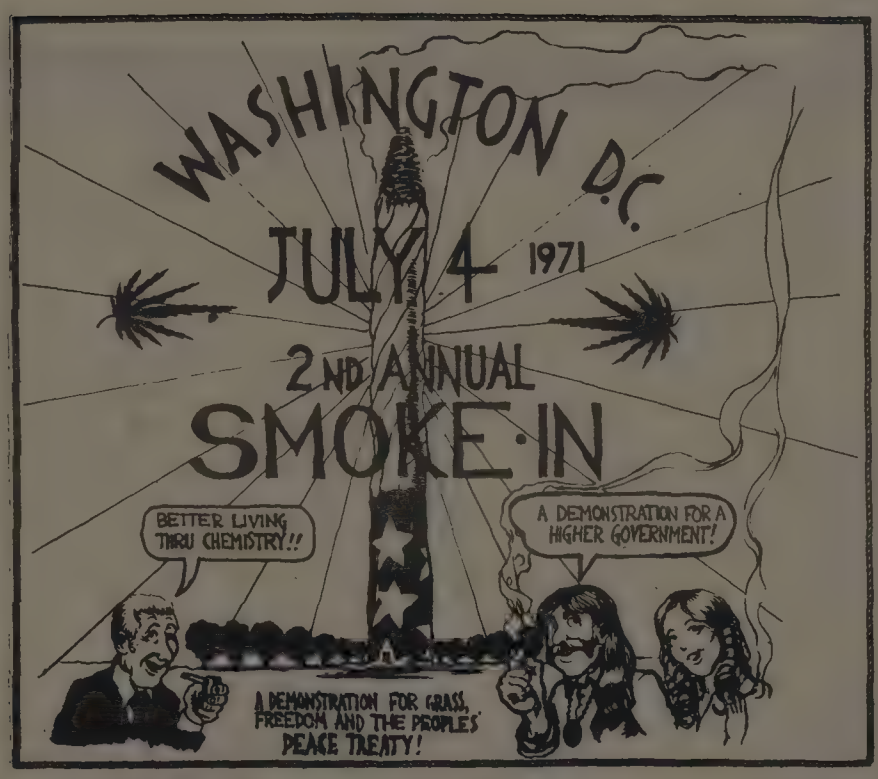
A.J. is a fag! Nothing to be ashamed of! We have nothing against homosexuals. We like them, the hones ones, not the ones who try to hide their identity with tough talk and cover up the truth. Come on out, A.J. come on out of that hairy closet! A.J.'S song interpetations prove this theory.... That he is an out and out raving queen! Dylan and Lennon and the rest of the rock poets refuse to sleep with him and he's pissed off. Feels rejected. Well that's natural. Who "would" sleep with a LILLY-livered little backbiyer, lier and stool pigeon rat? Webberman is a clever pig trying to get the finger off himself by slandering others.... the government supports him in this policy and looks the other way while he steals what he can under the table (bootlegged books, records, fund raisings, etc.) meanwhile they let him out the back door at mass arrests, supplyhis mass arrests, supply his cocaine habit and manage his "private bank account" in Switzerland.....

Webbeerman smokes alot of pot and while his friends get busted, he goes free. Why? Like we say, he's on a "free trip" free at your expense. A.J. Webberman is public enemy. The government will soon have nomore use for him and leave him to drift away like the wet rag he is.... Webberman knows this... he is acting like a man who knows this!

F L A S H

As we go to press.... Webberman was arrested at his Christmas Tree Farm in Ogden, Utah for molesting a 13 year old... He was immediately set free (not bail) and sent bnNew York City -the angry father has threatened his life with a shotgun... Webberman may have to sell the farm....

One of Webberman's assignments recents years has been to supply information on Abbie Hoffman. We understand that Abbie has been tipped off....


WASHINGTON D.C.
JULY 4 1971
2ND ANNUAL
SMOKE-IN
BETTER LIVING THRU CHEMISTRY!!
A DEMONSTRATION FOR A HIGHER GOVERNMENT!
A DEMONSTRATION FOR GRASS, FREEDOM AND THE PEOPLES PEACE TREATY!

"Goddamn Everything but the Circus."

e. e. cummings

ORGAN Magazine: Ringside seats for the only game in town.

We'd tell you to buy ORGAN from your local newsstand, or ask them why they don't carry it, but frankly, we'd rather have the bread up front: SUBSCRIBE! 12 issues for $5, 26 for $10. Or send 50¢ for the latest issue.

ORGAN

Box 4520 Berkeley, CA 94704

"HEY GUYS, WHERE YOU GONNA SLEEP TONIGHT?"

(Continued from Page 11)

ting screwed, Flannegan straightened up immediately and, accompanied by the worst glare directed at Schultz since his Navy days, he flashed his badge. With this Mullingan did likewise, while Schultz went scurrying around the apartment to find a pencil with all intentions of carrying his outraged-citizen role through.

After both their names and numbers were on record there was a moment of silence in which no one was quite sur what to do. Sly slant-eyes decided this was her chance to move things along smoothly with— "I really hat to do this to vou".

"You are going to hate worse what's about to let him go any furthr. "Let's see your ID, kid, and yours too."

"What, I mean why? You know who we are, You're here to throw us out".

"Your i d! NOW!" Flannigan, they gathered, meant business, and so Schultz whipped out his Navy discharge card while Latimer, in search of something with his name on it, decided upon an old copy of Screw that was living around.

"You write for Screw?" Mulligan asked, clearly quite impressed. Flannigan was busy taking down every vital statistic of Schultz, so Mulligan & Dean continued to rap, with Dean bringin out loads of old EVO & Scr3ws, and just when they were gettin g really chummy, Flannegan looked up. "This is my identification" said Dean shyly. "You write for Screw!" It worked again. Flannigan's tight mouth related into a smile and he joined them them in leafing through copies. Ray, spotting that old Dean came thourgh with a winning vehicle to the hearts of both of the cops, jumped right in with- "I write for them too, you know".

Flannigan looked a little disturbed at having to like this smart-ass kid, but after a few seconds patted him on the shouldr with, "That is really great, kid".

During all this the nip was getting quite anxious. —"Um, Officer. Could we get on with this?" Quite to Latimer and Schultz's pleasure, all of Flannigan's hostility had now shifted in her direction. "O.K. Lady, Just hold your horses". He then turned quite remorsefully to Dean and Ray and informed them that they would have to leave since she did have the lease, so the law is on her side.

"Well, what about all our things?" Dean asked, fantasizing that this would surely turn them against her so completely that they would throw her out, and then they could all just sit around having a real good time with he and Schultz getting still more praises for their writing. It didn't work though. Mulligan, however, in what seemed his most well-practised stern manner turned to her, sharply suggesting she allow them to make arragements to come back for their things. After quickly agreeing, Flannigan signaled the two it was time to leave. As they were about to exit after mouthiing off some of their best Jap jokes, the two were stopped with something Mulligan said that they knew would ring in their ears and weigh heavily on his heart for quite awhile— "Hey guys, where are you gonna sleep tonight?"

o-o-o-o

Weeks later, Latimer and Schultz were still homeless and at the mercy of their friends for any piece of floor they could rest their bohes on. Not only are you helpless in the sort of situation I have just realved to you, but the hope of finding a place in this office-building city is very slim (unless of course, you happen to be one of those making money from the hi-rise business towers). Not only are there not enough apartments available for the people living here, there are no plans to build them. No residential developments have been built in the past eight years. Try to count the number of office buildings, though. You can also try to count the money they're making from them (if you can count that high) while people can't find a place to sleep. Thanks a lot, Lindsay, for buckling under to the business contractors. IBM machines really make for a "FUN CITY". Thanks a lot to all of you charging outrageous key fees (included in this group are plenty of long-haired, Washington-demostrating, establishment- downing youths too, who learned all to quickly their parents' games while under the guise of searching for freedom from the dollar). But the most credit for this unlivable predicament goes to us for paying their key-fees, and those outrageous rents and not doing anything in the direction of stopping it before there can be no turn-about and the city is made up of Twin Towers.

NO RELIEF

(Continued from Page 6)

seek job training, because, in the first place, there are no jobs to look for and the occasions arising to learn skills and trades are not to be heard of or found anywhere, and too, not open to us. Non-whites on relief are in an es-ecially real and frightening position, for reasons which I'm sure I don't have to cite.

The new ruling by the state legislature ths past May dictates a requirement of one year residency for new relief applicants; an unjust qualification if ever I've seen one. And I know of many. This procedure is to dissude, prevent and discourage a youth influx. The one year residency required is not a compelling need, andthere are more and more who have lived here a year or more who are seeking welfare, without having to worry about moving here, and there aren't that many interested anyways. We 'QSCUM' AND FILTHY-PENNILESS BLACK, BROWN, WHITE, YELLOW AND RED SKINNED PEOPLE: FOREIGNERS: AND WE DEVIANTS OF THE GAY LUNATIC FRINGE, ETC., OF ALL AGES, ARE BEING KEPT FROM MIGRATING TO OR LEAVING THIS STATE, TO AND FROM THE NORTH AND SOUTH, FROM WHEREVER, WHO MAY NEED OR WANT TO BEGIN A NEW LIFE HERE OR SEEK A RESIDENCY BUT PREVENTED FROM OBTAINING ASSISTANCE TO DO SO IF NEEDY BUT UNQUALIFIED TO MAKE IT ON OUR OWN. Those godbedamned politicians in Albany and this city are really idiots and ningcompoops, aren't they? I know of no politicians, appointed or elected, alive or dead, who can be trusted, present, past and future tenses9 They're all crud. That goes for Bella Abzug too! This new process and program is considered a protective device, a way to prevent cheating at the game, but to me it looks more like we are being made victims of defective vice; political scapegoats for government failures, inequaties, inacnuracies in its system, and unfulfillment of promises to help the needy and serve the people.

Once again, the rich, white middle class is getting rivher and living easy, while we get the blame, and wre the bunt of all the shit that goes down. Those republicans are dangerous and oughta be outlawed themselves. All they do is lie and cheat. What's New, huh??-

The high average income for a family of four now is about $6100, while Nixon wants to ensure a welfare family of $2400 a year for a family of four. Big fucking deal! NYC families get $2416 already. But Mississippi, however, could use the bread, three times and over. The city wantq us to perform manual

while being barely able to eat well, and not strong enough to continue to do so, for long periods of t me. We won't be able to do it for the amount of money we're getting now. We need higher wages and more food. So I UESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FORM A WELFARE UNION TO DEMAND, NEGOTIATE AND BARGAIN FOR HIGHER SALARIES, LEST THERE BE MANY UNFCESSARY CORPSES LYING AROUND IN THE STREETS. I'd like to see any politician push a broom all day on a 90c a day food allowance. You can't buy EANS WITH WHAT WE GET, AND TOO, THE SALES TAXES WE HAVE TO PAZ ON WHAT WE BUY ARE ENORMOUS, AND PRICES ON FOOD ARE FOREVER GOING UP, NO BARGAINS OR BREAKS AT ALL. Commuting expenses: With the subway afare going up to 50c come January, the city will not be able to afford us transportation to and fro for long lwt alone even at this time. Why do we women and men have to work our asses off and

be paid heager wages? Our relief check is our salary? Goodness knows, the city is probably thinking of deducting taxes from us now, too. If they don't, the other non-welfare working classes, of all sorts, will be screaming that's for sure! I went around and priced the average lunch meal in this city and it's barely under $2, that is if one wants to eat healthily. Work clothes, five sets, cost somewhere around 7 to 10 bucks a set, and the cost of keeping then cleaned and presentable (pressed) would be an unfair workload on us, seeing as we can't spare the money to have them cleaned daily, even properly. There will be no public funds to save in thie new direction the city is taking.

Greedy Albany legislators this year voed themselves a $2,000 salaryincrease, and at the same time cut the welfare budget of this city, although to some it seemed a proportionate decrease in tune with the times! Times are rough. there's a recession you know, and once again hhepqple suffer, the politicians, who aren't people, get the bjeaks.

The fact that many major and minor industriesa have fled the city, lucky utiffs, to the suburbs has increased unemployment levels enormtusly in this city, about 20 to 38 per cent, according to what day and month it is, and it is leaving the city virtually crumbling economically, in poverty and despair, and many, many are jobless as a repercussion. Was this factor considered when the state legisators were in session? Nope. All they thought about was their pay raises.

Does the Mayor realize the added misery and unhappiness he's causing soxe 60,000 welfare recipients, now classified as workers, who live in rat infested, broken down substandard apartments and hotels? Childrena d adults alike are dying from lead-poisoning and rat bites, and he expects us to work 8 hours a day, come home, and feel like going back the next das with a smile on our faces? Who;'s he trying to kid? Who does the state think theyRE DEALING WITH, A BUNCH OF PITIFUL MORONS, OR SOMETHING

Is it just coincidence that the Mayor proposed laying off some 60,000 municipal workers just when he announced the creation of a 60,000 welfare working force, or not? Hmmmmm.

Mothers who head broken families are not happy9 Disabled and unemployed fathers of families are not happy by any means. Single people are not happy at all, either. Who is No one is. The new program is suredly not a creation of more happiness. It"s pain and more misery for all of us. No government or person(s) has the right to play with other persons lives as if we were their property, and it's obvious that the city and state feel we are their property.

New York City claims that most of the increases in eelfare rolls are due to illegitimate births. Is that so? Suppose next they're going to tell us that blacks and uerto-ricans ars the 'demons' responsible, and will want all to get vasectomies?

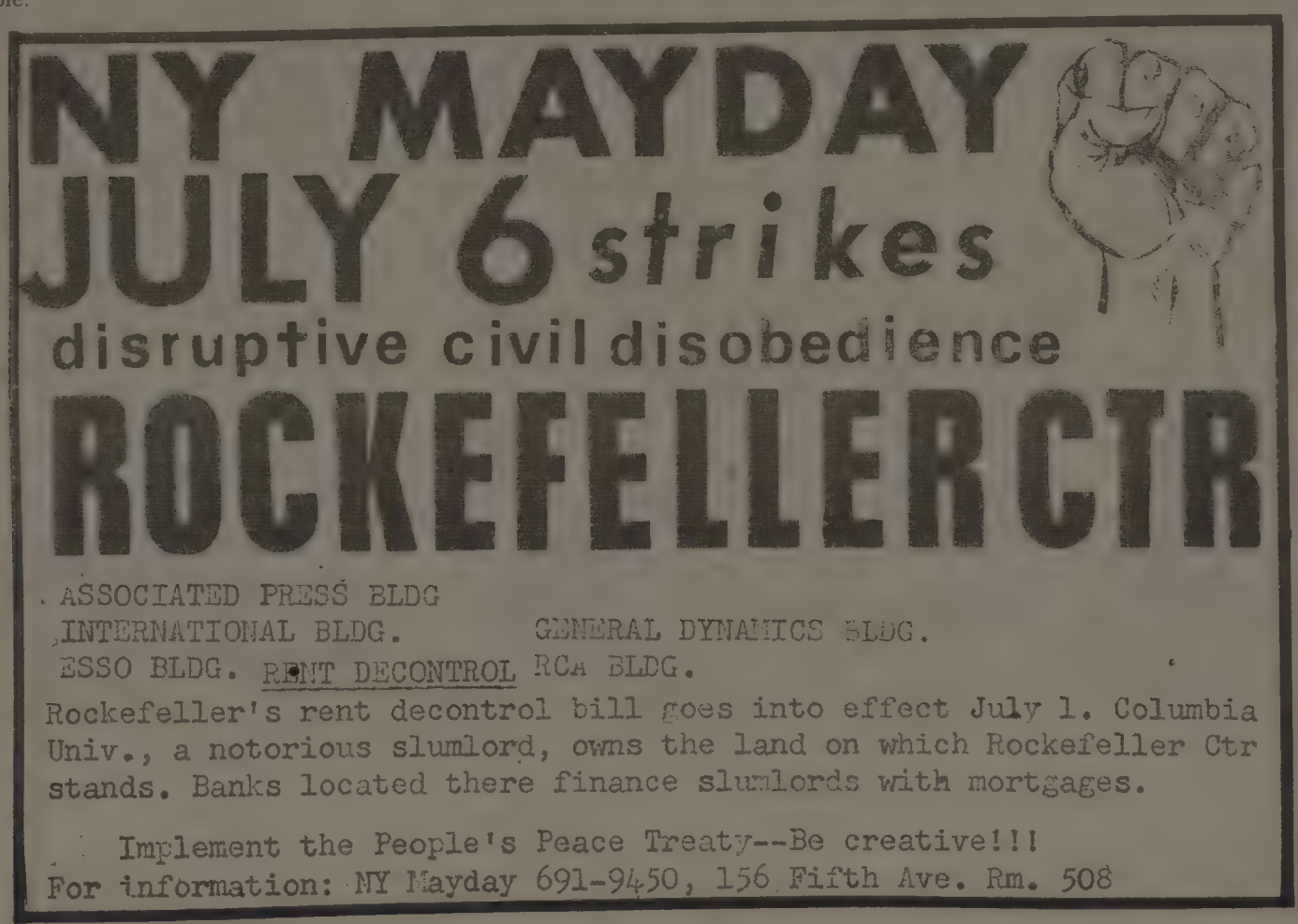
It is rumoured that Mayor Lindsay plans to utilize so-called employable welfare recipients as strikebreakers, since there are no jobs being created under the new program. That's not going to settle good with union workers, and I don't blame them. Besides, it's putting the welfare people in the middle of quarrels and friction factions they have no part in creating or preventing, or, in any way solving their problems and this proposal could very well engjkfger many of their lives, needlessly, to say the least. Welfared have to pick up their relief checks now at the state employment agencies. Isn't it asking an awful lot for 60,000 persons to risk their lives in cases of strikes, etc., then not being able to receive their checks, because they refused to be strike breakers?

Why DOSS requested a cut in its budget of near $60 million when it could certainly use all te spare change available, is beyond me, or just political maneuvering. DOSS is going to be caught out in right field, when it realizes it won't be able to handle the new policy conversion and workload predicted. All this because the welfare roll had bropped a bit one month or two ago; or, that they now foresee slight decreases and less need of bread. Insane. The people again have to suffer for the idiocy of city political theory.

In any case, New York City's program will not reverse welfare roll increases and it is inevitable, and obvious, that as each month goes by, the number of recipients TTING ON WILL RISE, THE NUMBER OF JOBLESS AND UNEMPLYABLE WILL GO SOARING. There is no incentive in the program which would encourage anyone to go to work and like it, at least not willingly or voluntarily, as the Mayor puts it, for any length of time; and mandating one to work is not creating the best of public relations with the people. Although, it does mean a loss in favor and faith in the whole of any kind of goernment which is supposed to be responsible and serving to the people. Right on!

The attempts being made by the Nixon administration to bring the welfare system under federal control, along with a proposed national income for families, less single people, is quite discouraging and will not succeed. The reaction of the people is being tested and etrained, and the federal government is in for a rather shocking sarprise when and if it moves to implement its

(Continued on Page 21)


NY MAYDAY
JULY 6 strikes
disruptive civil disobedience
ROCKEFELLER CTR
ASSOCIATED PRESS BLDG
INTERNATIONAL BLDG.
ESSO BLDG.
RENT DECONTROL
GENERAL DYNAMICS BLDG.
RCA BLDG.
Rockefeller's rent decontrol bill goes into effect July 1. Columbia Univ., a notorious slumlord, owns the land on which Rockefeller Ctr stands. Banks located there finance slumlords with mortgages.
Implement the People's Peace Treaty--Be creative!!!
For information: NY Mayday 691-9450, 156 Fifth Ave. Rm. 508

GROUCHO

(Continued from Page 9)

picture we made was **Night at the Opera.** We previewed it in San Francisco, and in those days they used to give the customers cards on which they would write what they thought of the picture. And one card we got just siaid, 'Youse guys are fulla shit.' Now do you exxpect me to have any respect for that and call it art?

INK: You may have to end up accepting the opinion of the critics, that whether you intended them to be art or not, they came out that way.

GROUCHO: It was just luck. I didn't know that the youngsters were going to take these pictures up, and that we would become kinds of movie gods to these kids. I was overat somebody's house the other night, and there were three girls there. Two of them were 16 and one was 18. And I looked in the other room where they were, and they were playing some Beatles records, and imitating me walking up and down in the room! I think it was...like the kids are wearing beards and smoking stuff that they shouldn't smoke...Ithink our pictures were a protest, although we weren't aware of it, of the current situation.

INK: I'm not quite clear on how you could have made pictures that were protests against the establishment without knowing it.

GROUCHO: I was very dumb. I'm not too bright now either.

INK: Well, what did youthink you were doing?

GROUCHO: Making jokes.

INK: But the jokes had to come from somewhere.

GROUCHO: Oh, I knew my way around a joke. It's like a guywho builds a cement wall, he knows how to do it. I never had any writers, except in the movies. And then I had the best: Kaufman and Ryskind.

INK: How about the scene where you and Harpo are on opposite sides of an empty mirror frame, and Harpo is pretending to be your reflection.

GROUCHO: That was stolen from a classic German act that Leo McCarey had had in the back of his mind for years.

INK: It was McCarey's idea?

GROUCHO: Yeah.

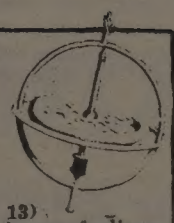
INK: Who did the staging? For instance, the stateroom scene in-**night at the Opera?**

GROUCHO: Sam Wood was the director, but Thalberg was cctually the boss. Sam Wood would shoot a scene, we'd look at it the next morning in the projection room, and Thalberg would say, ,I don't likeit,let's shoot it over again today.' He had the kind of money and control that he could say that.

INK: IAs the scene developed, who were the ideas coming from?

GROUCHO: All of us. Christ, we had been together for twenty years.

Brain Flash Scan



from Page 13)

sorrow. But tue desper feelings cannot lie; and the feelings that came through to me carried, or were, a truth that could not be questioned.

Some people seemed suprised when The National Association For The Advancement of Scienke had Extra-Sensory Perception as a theme for discussion at their recent Conference. I was glad, for this is an idea whose time has come. It can not be ignored by well-informed people from now on.

I have oresebted a few of my own experiences, asi accurately as possible, with the hope that others may evaluate, and investigate. The speculations are presented as such, based upon telepathy-wpick I know tyo be a fact. If I have missed the mark or cerrtain points of theory-well, it is a new field to me, to many people.

In the meantine, one holds onto one's faith in the growing good, in the evolving truth and justice, and in the finfinal triumph of love.

For, "God is Love". And, "That which is seen is made up of that which does not appear".

Hassie Annelle Easlic,
ll,Waverly Place,
New York, N. Y. 10003

BLACKmesa

(Continued from Page 17)

aniway; the Federal Government had a right to sign it.

And so this too bothered me so I went t to a chaptar meeting in Old Canyon, N. M., that's up thee valley. And there I asked the people if any of them had been approached in the same manner, and I found out that a number of them had been approached and that they had signed with the under standing they would get electirity and also get pais for it. Well, I told them the facts of what I found out, and after finding that out they decided to have an investigation.

Thy asked tue council, Edward T. Begay is his name, to find out about these lines because no one seemed to know about it and he knew nothing abou the lines.

Mr. Begay reported back to his constituents that if we-that he had consulted with the Navajo Tribal vice chairman, Wilson Skeet, and that Skeet toldd him that if we don't let the TG&E have the right of way, we might not get this land. He said that if we were good about it and neighborly and let them go thouugh our land that a Congressman from New Mexico, Harold Reynolds, would introduce a bill on behalf of the Navajo Tribe, requesting 70,000 acres of resettlement land.

So, Skeet said, just let them have their right-of-way so we can get the 70,000 acres of land. I have a witness and there was alsσ I think a tape recorder going at the time he gave his report. As a matter of fact he gave it twice, once for my benefit because I arrived a little late for his report. But then I got up to question. How do we know, what guarantee do we have that Congress is going to give us this land? We could get hung up, I said, do you people know how long it takes to get a bill through Congress? I said, it could get hung up in any of the committee hearings. And Mr. Begay said that before such a legislation is passed they have to have public hearings. And knowing white people and our neighbors in the area they're not about to give us another acre of land. They want land too, they need it for their ranching, they need land for expansion of their cities, they ned grazing lands like Navajos do too, and they're going to be putting in a big protest. So there's going to be putting in a big protest. So there's really no guarantee that we're going to get this land. I said now if you go ahead and approve this as it stands and not revoke your signatures, I am still going to stand firm and say no to mine. I don't know what they're going to do about it because Mr. Begay mentioned something about condemnation and this might be possible, and I don't know all the regulations that the government has.

GT: YOU MEAN THAT THEY WOULD TRY TO CONDEMN YOUR ACRE AGE BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T LET THEM HAVE IT?

MC: Yes, this is what I mean. And I think this is what I was told too by TG&E, that this is one of the things that would happen. But what surprised me is their coming to me again and again and again. Even after I twice refused to sign they contracted me to negotiate. Mr. Ben Lynch, he's one of their representatives, called me up and he said, "What is it that you want?" We have a letter here that says you're not going to sign it for various reasons. What is it you really want, money?"

And I was just flabbergasted; I didn't know what to say. To me the land is our ancestral homeland; it's been ours since time immemorial.

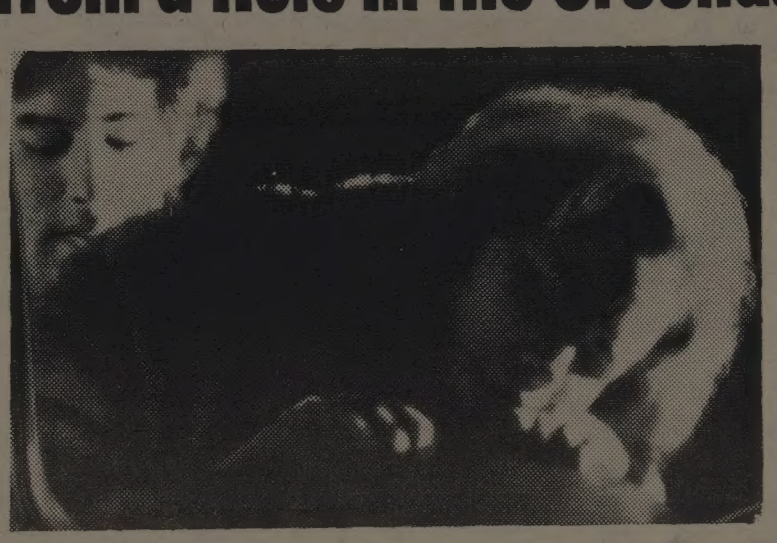
GT: AND HAD YOU SAID THAT IN THE LETTER? WHAT DID YOU TELL HIM?

M.C: I told him it was our ancestral home and that we worship at nature's altar. And they still won't give. So he cane to my home. He spent approximately four hours trying to persuade me to sign the document. He said that everyone had signed except me and that I'm holding up the whole works, that I was a very hard person to deal with. I told him I just simply don't want the power lines runningthrough my use area. Well, he said, let's not make it definite. We'll set up another meeting. This tieme we'll have representatives from the BIA and also from The VNavajo Tribe and we'll all sit down at the table and talk about it. And that's where it stands now.

My great-great grandmother walked back from Fort Sumner-back to this land that she loved so well-and I'm not going to give up so easily just for a few dollars, and money doesn't mean that much to me even though I'm poor. But to us we're ricch because we have land. A man without land to us is just like a tramp who has nothing. I just can't give up that land, I won't. This is what I told him, and he still wants to negotiate some more.

I keep thinking back to my great, great grandmother--Ninebah was her name-- I was named after her--and I thought even IIF I had wanted the money, I wouldn't give up the land because she came back a long ways for it and struggled for it, fought for it. I have to admire my brave ancestors who came back to reclaim their land, and had taught me to keep the land, not give it away, not sell it. I wish that all Navajo people did asi I did especially those that are in our tribal government, the Navajo Tribal Council--because there are some things in this world you cannot buy with money and to me land is one thing.

Some Critics Can't Tell Sodomy from a Hole in the Ground.



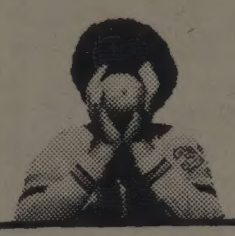
This is a scene from DRIVE, HE SAID, the most controversial film at this year's Cannes Film Festival.

Some critics referred to it as sodomy.

See it and decide for yourself.

"One of the finest films of the year. It sets a new standard of sexual frankness for the American cinema. A must see!"—SCREW

"Karen Black will probably win the Explicit Orgasm Scene Oscar next spring!"
—JUDITH CRIST
New York Magazine



COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents A BBS PRODUCTION
DRIVE, HE SAID
Directed by JACK NICHOLSON

starring WILLIAM TEPPER · KAREN BLACK · MICHAEL MARGOTTA · BRUCE DERN | ROBERT TOWNE · HENRY JAGLOM · MIKE WARREN
Screenplay by Jeremy Larner and Jack Nicholson · From the prize-winning novel by Jeremy Larner · Produced by Steve Blauner and Jack Nicholson
Executive Producer Bert Schneider

R RESTRICTED Under 17 requires accompanying Parent or Adult Guardian

LOEWS TOWER EAST
72ND STREET AND 3RD AVE. • 879-1313
Sun. thru Thurs.—12:15, 1:45, 3:20, 5:15, 6:45, 8:30, 10:00
Fri. & Sat.—1:15, 2:45, 4:30, 6:15, 7:45, 9:30, 11:00

No Relief

(Continued from Page 20)

ridiculous plan or phuoeophy, into a viable working process.

The disabled and aged welfare recipients receiving social security raises were docked their increases from their relief checks. gRUMBLE, GRUMBLE AND SICK. Guess who's losing apot of silent majority votes? Not me.

Medicaid and medicare proposals which lowered the ceiling on those who could qualify to receive such aid, and or who were once receiving it are very-disheartened and will lose all thoss benefits, because of insidious fuck ups in the system. A person or family bringing in $5,000 a year will now lose medical care, unless they earn $4,500. And no one is going to take a cut in pay, are they?

Day care ienters qill have to be constructed in this city, as it is, New York City is paying (out the nose-type) high rents for public centjrs and accomodations. The costs of renovating day care centers are high and will be going higher and once the city realizes the space needed and numbers of young who will be filling them, they'll see the mistake in what they're now planning to do to us. Landlord graft is on the rise, and the city is going to have to pay the price unless it acts immediately. Groyups and organizations, public and private, cvannot afford to pay rent for, nor staff centers in the future, if and when it is realized that more space and people power is needed. Where is the money going to come from? There are no money trees growing in this city. Cough. Cough. Choke!

Welfare union coalitions should be organized as soon as possible in every community in the city. Third world peoples, women ad gay people will need tt unite more than ever now. It is a reality that we have to take our own welfare into our own hands. e should have open, public community meetings right away to form our affinities with one another, and seek a poaer base. The protest signs must go up and Welfare Workers Unite!! Once again we are given more credence to why we 'should' get guns and advocate the overthrow of the government. welfare is smellfare.

WHY are they arguing?

They both read THE E.V.O.

sub E.V.O.
20 E. 12 ST.
scribe N.Y.C. 10003

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____
ZIP _____

SEND YOUR WEED SEEDS to HOLLAND -PLEASE!

The Lowlands Weed Company (a legitimate company) needs one million seeds to plant in all the public parks and woods of Holland (growing plants are legal there). The crop when harvested is GIVEN AWAY to all heads.

Please put some seeds in an envelope (no return address requered! air mail postage is 20cents per half ounce) and send to:

Kees Hoekert
Woonschip "De Witte Raaf"
T O Wittenburgergracht 1
Amsterdam (C), Holland.

If you're ever in Amsterdam, you're welcome to visit the boat (that's what a woonschip is) - There are 15,000 plants b on board and you'll provbably get turned on.

Makers and distrributors of Alternate-Culture Films: Please contact Paradiso Filmwerkgroep, C O M. Boonstra & S. Geerling, Brouwersgracht 139 III Amsterdam (C), Holland to arrange for showing's of your films to the youth of Holland.
They are very receptive and enthusiastic and there is a possibility they can pay a little bread for the snowings, although they will show them free.

WHEEL AND DEAL

think ecologically

ECOLOGICALLY $?!

TRAVEL

Want to come with us to MEXICO?!
Five of us taking a mind-blowing trip to Mayan ruins & Aztec temples, back thru Hopi & Navajo country, visiting some new Mexican communes. Want a loving sister who SPEAKS SPANISH FLUENTLY for company & to help us communicate - Mexican, Amerian, Puerto Rican, anybody! We're traveling in our bus. Leaving May 28. Spending 5-6 weeks. If you can't afford to share expenses. We may be able to help you out.

call
691-2580 between 10 am & 5pm
Betsy, Loraine, Charles, Tim, and Earl.

SPLITTING TOWN? Sail a foreign ship-bound anywhere. We got the info. Send $2.00 to Macedon P.O. Box 224, Dept. 3. Irvington, N.J. 07111
NOT A RIP OFF

SPECIAL SERVICES

The ANSWER GROUP helps swingers, swappers, moderns over 21. Gay, straight, ac-dc.. Info: lists, clubs; who does what to whom; where, how, when. Any question, any subject. Personal answer $2. The ANSWER GROUP, BOX 2173V, Phila. Pa. 19103

SCIENTIFIC DATING SERVICE INC. 147 West 42nd St. New York City Room 1018. Guaranteed Dates. Am: TA8-7897; 12 pm to 8 pm. OX5-0158 and Sunday

SINGLES OR DOUBLES,
BLACK OR WHITE,
WHATEVER YOUR SCENE,
DAY OR NIGHT,
DIAL 765-2883,
JOCK'S JUST RIGHT

GUARANTEE INSTANT CASH PLUS FREE APARTMENT
Earn $100 & daily. Attractive hip girls wanted for groovy new figure model studio. Amateurs welcome. Will train. Earn big money tomorrow by calling today. Peter Strauss: 265-9092

ENCOUNTER GROUP
Express strong feelings and intensities.
Social and sexual hangups related to plastic symbols and images in a decayed society.

George after 6:00 p.m.
Call 278-6861 Friday or Saturday

THINK

HYPNOSIS CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!!! Obesity, stage-fright, smoking, insomnia, memory, concentration. $25.00 PRIVATE SESSION. PL5-4363. MAIL ORDER COSTS -10.00. Box 31 FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022

witches
Warlocks, etc
WANTED
for
documentary
day: 565-6022

For the best live shows & french massages, nude photography, visit 874 Studio Inc. 300 W 46th St., NYC-off 8th Ave. Open 7 days, 11am-Midnight. 247-9743
Moswla LQYA
MODELS ALWAYS NEEDED

Hip CouHip couples capable of earning $500& weekly. Manage groovy figure studio. Apply only if together ¼ able to handle people. Call Dick Rogers: 265)9092

COLLEGE GIRLS

Hip, articulate gal, pleasant voice & good handwriting, to ans. phones & make appts. Small, busy office in East 30's. 1-6 p.m., six days. $2.50 hr to start-student okay. Call between 3 & 7p.m. for Appt. Ask for Lewis 684-5485 or 691-9032

Attractive White Couple
SHE 23, 5'3", 36/23/35
HE 25, 6'1", muscularly built, will pose in the privacy of your home. NYC area only, Sample photos $2, sets of ten for $5. We will also pose in any manner you desire & send you the photos. 8 for $10, 16 for $15-all sincere letters answered immediately. Jan & Vic Hoff 157 East 37 St. NYC

SYBARITE MASSAGE SERVICE
"EVERYTHING & ANYTHING!"
YOU NAME IT, WE DO IT. FULLFILL YOUR WISHES!!!!!! DESIRES!!!!! FANTASIES!!!!! ETC. MASSEURS, MASSEUSES, M+F MODELS, HOSTS & HOSTESSES, PHOTO SERVICES, ESCORTS, ETC. 7 DAYS ..... 2PM → 2AM ..... CALL + ASK QUESTIONS
684-5485

WHEEL AND DEAL

REGRETTFULLY, THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER HAS BEENFORCED TO SUSPEND ITS SEPARATE-RATE POLICY FOR BUSINESS AND PERSONAL ADS. FROM NOW ON, ALL ADS IN THE CLASSIFIED SECTION WILL COST $5.00 FOR THE FIRST 25 WORDS, AND 20c FOR EACH ADDITIONAL WORD

IN VIEW OF RECENT COURT DECISIONS, THE EDITORS OF EVO RESERVE THE RIGHT TO EDIT ALL PERSONAL ADS

THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING (PERSONAL AND BUSINESS) DEADLINE IS WENS. AT NOON FOR THE NEXT TUESDAYS PUBLICATION. PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE ALL CLASSIFIED AND PERSONAL ADS. PHONE NUMBERS NOW ACCEPTED FOR PERSONAL CATEGORIES. ALL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING MUST BE PREPAID. NO ADS WILL BE TAKEN OVER THE PHONE. NO TEAR SHEETS SUPPLIED FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

MODS

PARISIAN MODEL $40 an hour 6'-150-Brown hair, BLUE EYES
Call Pierre-860-4384
Have own studio

7 DAYS A WEEK
MODELS ALWAYS NEEDED
WE REALLY SATISFY
Fun City
252 W 46th St, Off 8th Ave.
265-8905, 265-9715

MODELS WANTED
Minimum salary paid daily
Earn $2-300 per week
No Exp. required.
Studio 300W 46 St. One Fight Up
247-9743

Make 500 weekly. Models ¼ couples wanted to manage ¼ work in swinging figure model studio. Apply Circle Studio, 265 W. 72nd St., or call 874-9860, 874-9862.

RUGGED, MASCULINE MODEL
Tall, Athletic Build, Cooperative, Versatile. Please phone Eves. only.
BRAD 838-9054

CONSTRUCTION WORKER, Model, Ex-Navy, Rugged Muscular Physique. Goodlooking Hot Italian. Hairy, 5'10'', 160, Cooperative. $35.00. Also large collection groovy films for show or sale. TONY 427)7621

FEMALE
MODELS

Female Figure Models wanted for magazine& Pinup
No experiene needed-ages 18-25 call World wide photos
924-8558

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS $25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than $50 for a shooting all day earns $75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711

MODELS
100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modelling. No experience necessary Minimum $50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio. 255-2711.

NUDE MODELS
available for body painting, amateur photo studies. Cameras provided, no appointment necessary. Open 12 to 9. Studio 47, 47 East 19 St.

VOLUPTOUS YOUNG BLONDE model will nude-pose for you privately in air-conditioned studio. Call 228-3017. Pat, 47 East 19 St, 5th floor.

EARN UP TO $50. PLUS a day as a model for a groovy body painting & photo studio. Call 477-6811.

SEEKING ATTRACTIVE & LIBERATED CHICKS OVER 21, FOR RESIDENTIAL MODELING, MASSAGE, HOSTESS AND OR ESCORT SERVICES. YOU CAN EARN $100 PLUS DAILY WITH NO HASSLES. CALL AND ASK QUESTIONS.
684-5485

GIRLS ⅞ COUPLES WANTED:

Instant cash paid daily! Earn $500.00 to $1,000.00 weekly. Spare-time, full-time or free-lance modeling, massage or hostess assignments, etc. No experience needed, work anytime you feel like it. Call Jack & Jan anytime, 265-8788

GROOVY GIRLS CAN EARN $200.000-$500.00 weekly, answering telephone for modeling & massage service. Work at your home, our office or free pad furnished. 586-9243

I need many sexy, shapely girls, both experienced and inexperienced for magazine figure modelling. All thse jobs require nudity. Herb Vernon, 677-0100.

Topless go-go dancers,
Sex acts or couples wanted for swinging studio
Amateurs considered.
jvghnc1xTopless go-go dancers, sex acts or couples wanted for swinging studio. Amateurs considered. Apply Fun City 252 W 46th St. 265 8905 or 265 9715

ATTRACTIVE GIRLS!
Full time & Part time assignments. Paying very good money. Call after 6 p.m., 586-8073.

Rubs

BODY RUBS OUR SPECIALTY
French Swedish, Oriental, etc.
Also nude photography
Open 6 days a week 11 am till midnight

Air conditioned
R
Ram Studios 694 3rd Ave. 5th floor between 43 & 44 sts.
Don phone, come over
246-6297

Masseur-College student midtown area-please call after 11:00 AM
Bob 683-8646

WANTED
MASSEUSES & MASSEUR
Young & experienced, to work in a clean, modern East Side private townhouse studio. High pay. Call 249-8779 between 12 noon & 5 p.m.

JULY 12th

MASSAGE BY MARTIN
Let this young well-developed negro model give you a mind-blowing stimulating massage alo nude posing. Call Martin 982-0636.
No answer? keep trying

Try a Groovy inside-outside bath and body rub by young handsome Franky. $15. Call 666-9299

FIGURE MODELS
MASSEUSES WANTED
Busy East Side Studio. No exper. will train. Average $500 weekly possible. Call 752-4644 ask for Bob

UPTIGHT? COOL IT, MAN, CLIMAX YOUR DAY with a minc. blowing massage by Peiro. By appointment. 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. CALL 734-5094. Air cond. STUDIO OR RESIDENTIAL.

Azza will give best body rub in town or Pose for nude photography no appointment nec.--open 6 days 11:00 am-midnight. RAM Studio, 594 3rd Ave., 5th Floor, betw. 43rd ¼ 44th St.
Just come-
or call
246-6297

THE GROOVIEST MASSEUR IN TOWN OFFERS YOU THE GREATEST VARIETY OF MASSAGE TECHNIQUES, FOR WOMEN & COUPLES ONLY.

FRENCH, SWEDISH, JAPANESE, GREEK, LIGHT TOUCH, BONDAGE, DISCIPLINE, S & M, ETC. WHATEVER YOUR THING IS, I GUARANTEE COMPLETE SATISFACTION. 7 DAYS A WEEK, 4p.m. until 2a.m.
684-5485

GRAND OPENING
Hotest live show in town
Plus all massage facilities
French Swedish Oriental
etc etc etc
Admission only $5.00
Open 7 days a week 11 a.m. till midnight
Studio 300 W 46 St. 1 flight up.Off eighth Avenue
247)9743

Let Martin do it, he will do it right! This young well-developed negro model will give a mind-blowing massage or pose completely nude. Call Martin 982-0636- No answer call back.

Swinging fun city has it all-total body mass ages, top less facial massages, hair styling, sauna, showers, pool tables, live sex shows & plays, topless shoeshine, toples manicures, nude photography, amusement area, body painting, intimate studios.
Contin vous 11AM-Midnight

LANA & SHARON
N.Y.'s Prettiest masseuses
offer the ultimate in satisfying massage in your hotel, residence or at our own intimate private midtown salon. Call anytime, 7 days a week. 586-9243

THE ''ULTIMATE'' TOTAL
BODY MASSAGE!
French, Swedish, Greek, English & Japanese variations by beautiful young girls, boys or couples. We especially welcome those who have experienced disappointment with others. We guarantee total privacy & Satisfaction. Call JO4 at 265-8988

buy and sell

shops: Beautifully designed earnings, silver and hammered brass, for information write E. Gardner, 1121 New Hampshire Ave. N.W., Apt. 508, Washington, D.C.

Will TRADE RRR (Eroch, rapiriff) 7 ''tape sound collages for simple, useful home-made things or craft; like, dookshelf, sandals, etc.
TRADE? Call: 663-8242

Have complete back issues of EVO from the beginning. Anyone interested in buying write Harry Glenn c o EVO - 20 E. 12th St.

ALPHAPHONEtm headset--try the brain rhythm method and get higher. Wire up with a friend. Write: Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-i, Mendocino, CA, 95460, Free info.

announcement

Rama Pipien Collective, UWPC co-op, is a free syndicate of counter; media papers andradio. Writers and cartoonists are needed by all of us on a world scale, now. Let's get moving! Submit material to RPC P.O. Box 641 Newcastle Calif. 95658. All regularly publishing media can contact us to receive our packets. Plug in with all and each. Free to struggling entities or $10 a month. Donations are needed. Serve the people.

GROUPIES neede. Young college prof. would like to interview you about music, life for national magazine article. SRI, Box 11, Prince Station, NYC, 10012.

publications

Sex Books, Magazines ⅞ Sex Aid Device Catalog, 64 page color illustrated - only $1.00. State age. Scott, Rand ⅞ Co. Box 26-V, Randallstown, Md. 21133

''THE ABOLITIONIST is a monthly publication of news and commentary from a libertarian and anarchist perspective published by the RADICAL LIBERTARIAN ALLIANCE. Subs are $4-year, or a free sample to tThe Abolitionist, P.O. Box 14, Verona, N.J. 07044.''

Daring female magazines, movies, paperbacks. FREE CATALOGUES. Beaver, Box 2373 EV. Philadelphia, Penna. 19103

Gay male books, magazines, movies, FREE CATALOGUES. Trojan, Box 2121-EV, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103

personals

YOUNG BAY 21
Search young boys in teen ⅞ early 20's for fun & friendship
P.O. Box 163
Parkchester Sta. 10462, Bronx

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year'old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and. . . Let.s talk about it you won't be disappointed.Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c o AAA-1 Service 943 Columbus Ave., NYC. Please, gals only.

Wwanted, Sincere, Together, young, pioneer, homemaker, uninhibited natural woman, head, desciple, partner, for enduring lustful, lover relationship. Share expansion, direction, knowledge, pleasure, freedoms, life with rugged Sagittarian, professional alchemist, master head, 28, apostle of knowledge. Digs nature, business, occult. Come together. Now. Write. P. Cappielio. 1980 Unionport Rd)apt. 15-G), Bronx, NY, 11460.

Graduate student now dropping out of school seeks warm affectionate girl to get close to. Write Dan, Room 3a, 531 W. 113 Street.

Quiet man, very reserved and dignified would like to meet a sensual lady who adores pleasure. Sam 929-3027.

If you are a sensual young lady, you might like to meet this groovy, discreet, very attractive, 27, well-endowed white single gentleman for enjoyable evenings and possibly steady companionship Call Cart at 768-7329.

MAYDAY AFIRE!

Coca Crystal

A fire that can best be described as of "unknown origin," broke out at the offices of MayDay ..Moratorium on June 22, between the wee morning hours of midnight and one a.m.

The four room office which was shared by MayDay and the Vietnam Moratorium Committee were heavily damaged. Two out of the four rooms, containing supplies, literature, buttons, etc. were completely devastated. The mimeograph machine melted. The other two rooms were heavily damaged by smoke and water.

It is more than a shame that this fire occured at a time when we were in the midst of planning our July 6th action on Rockefeller Center. The target, Rockefeller Center was picked because of the many war profiteers that are located there; DuPont, Dow, Bulova, Singer, RCA, Boeing, to name a few. Our purpose in going there is two-fold. The first part is educational. We can only assume that many of the emplyees do not realize that they are taking an integral part in the killing of Vietnamese people. Many of which ar innocent women and children. We can only assume this because they are still wqorking there. We are going to point out to them how their companies are crucially involved in killing people. We will see how their interest lie. Whether they are more interested in their crumy jobs or humanity. The second part of our purpose is in calling for civil disobedience. This can range from people bolcking the entrances of the buildings to affinity group type action of entering the actual offices of the war profiteers. Perhaps affinity group action needs a little more explaining. An affinity group is getting your best and closest friends that you know for years and years, and trust with your life, and that small band of four or five people is your affinity group. Pick a target and try and enter an office with your educational materials. Dig it, perhaps the blood should then be more visible on the doorsteps of the murderes. See you at Rockefeller Center, July 6th. Check out the best time to go there with MayDay —255-1075, 691-9450 or at EVO 255-2130. We will not let the destructiion of our office stops us at all. See you there. Remember the Coca Crystal Contest. Think up the most insidious plot to be carried out by an affinity group, and win far out prizes. Send those in to EVO—20 east 12 Strteet, NYC 10003. Do not call (for obious reasons).

Perhaps it is worth a try at looking straight for this one. In Washington the calle went out to bust anyone wearing jeans or with long hair. One suggestion was that some peolpe should take the Rockefeller Center Tour. Get in on, Coca.